# THE
# Constant Couple;
## OR A
# Trip to the Jubilee.
## A
# COMEDY.

Acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*,
By His Majesty's Servants.

---

By Mr. *GEORGE FARQUHAR*.

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*Sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego carmine famam*
*Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.*
Ovid. Trist. lib. 4. Eleg. 10.

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*LONDON*;
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To the Honourable

Sir *ROGER MOSTYN* Baronet,

Of *Moſtyn-Hall* in *Flintſhire.*

*SIR,*

'TIS no ſmall Reflection on Pieces of this nature, that Panegyrick is ſo much improv'd, and that Dedication is grown more an Art than Poetry; that Authors, to make their Patrons more than Men, make themſelves leſs; and that Perſons of Honour are forc'd to decline patronizing Wit, becauſe their Modeſty cannot bear the groſs Strokes of Adulation.

But give me leave to ſay, Sir, that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery; and, I hope, the ſame Modeſty which recommended this Play to the World, will alſo reconcile my Addreſſes to You, of whom I can ſay nothing but what your Merits may warrant, and all that have the honour of your Acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.

# *The Dedication.*

The greateſt Panegyrick upon you, Sir, is the unprejudiced and bare Truth of Your Character, the Fire of Youth, with the Sedateneſs of a Senatour, and the Modern Gaity of a fine *Engliſh* Gentleman, with the noble Solidity of the Antient *Britton.*

This is the Character, Sir, which all men, but your ſelf, are proud to publiſh of You, and which more celebrated Pens than mine ſhould tranſmit to Poſterity.

The Play has had ſome noble Appearances to honour its Repreſentation; and to compleat the Succeſs, I have preſum'd to prefix ſo Noble a Name to uſher it into the World. A ſtately Frontiſpiece is the Beauty of a Building. But here I muſt tranſverſe *Ovid*:

*Materia ſuperabit Opus.*

I am,

Honourable Sir,

Your moſt Devoted, and

Humble Servant,

*Geo. Farquhar.*

# PREFACE to the READER.

*AN affected Modesty is very often the greatest Vanity, and Authors are sometimes prouder of their Blushes than of the Praise that occasion'd them. I shan't therefore, like a foolish Virgin, fly to be pursued, and deny what I chiefly wish for. I am very willing to acknowledg the Beauties of this Play, especially those of the third Night, which not to be proud of, were the heighth of Impudence: Who is asham'd to value himself upon such Favours, undervalues those who confer'd them.*

*As I freely submit to the Criticisms of the Judicious, so I cannot call this an ill Play, since the Town has allow'd it such Success. When they have pardon'd my faults, 'twere very ill manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too slender to make a Party for the Play) that the Success must be deriv'd from the pure Merits of the Cause. I am of another opinion: I have not been long enough in Town to raise Enemies against me; and the* English *are still kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not displeas'd the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to say, that a Comedy may be diverting without Smut and Profaneness.*

*Next to these Advantages, the Beauties of Action gave the greatest life to the Play, of which the Town is so sensible, that all will join with me in commendation of the Actors, and allow (without detracting from the merit of others) that the* Theatre Royal *affords an excellent and compleat set of Comedians. Mr.* Wilks's *performance has set him so far above competition in the part of* Wildair, *that none can pretend to envy the Praise due to his Merit. That he made the Part, will appear from hence, that whenever the Stage has the misfortune to lose him, Sir* Harry Wildair *may go to the Jubilee.*

*A great many quarrel at* the Trip to the Jubilee *for a* Misnommer: *I must tell them that perhaps there are greater Trips in the Play; and when I find that more exact Plays have had better success, I'll talk with the Criticks about* Decorums, *&c. However, if I ever commit another fault of this nature, I'll endeavour to make it more excusable.*

PRO-

# PROLOGUE, by a Friend.

POETS will think nothing so checks their Fury,
As Wits, Cits, Beaux, and Women for their Jury.
Our Spark's half dead to think what Medly's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.
'Tis all false Fear; for in a mingled Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His Neighbour i'th' great Wig may take for Wit.
Some Authors court the Few, the Wise, if any;
Our Youth's content, if he can reach the Many,
Who go with much like Ends to Church, and Play,
Not to observe what Priests or Poets say,
No! no! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
The Ladies safe may smile: for here's no Slander,
No Smut, no lewd-tongu'd Beau, no double Entendre.
'Tis true he has a Spark just come from *France*,
But then so far from Beau —— why he talks Sense!
Like Coin oft carry'd out, but—seldom brought from thence.
There's yet a Gang to whom our Spark submits,
Your Elbow-shaking Fool, that lives by's Wits,
That's only witty tho, just as he lives by sits.
Who Lion-like through Bayliffs scours away,
Hunts in the Face a Dinner all the Day,
At Night with empty Bowels grumbles o're the Play.
And now the modish Prentice he implores,
Who with his Master's Cash stol'n out of Doors,
Imploys it on a Brace of —— Honourable Whores;
While their good bulky Mother pleas'd sits by,
Bawd Regent of the Bubble Gallery.
Next to our mounted Friends we humbly move,
Who all your Side-box Tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us —— with your Love.
Ah Friends! Poor *Dorset* Garden-house is gone,
Our merry Meetings there are all undone:
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange Misdeeds
That strong Dog *Sampson*'s pull'd it o're our Heads,
Snaps Rope like Thread; but when his Fortune's told him,
He'll hear perhaps of Rope will one day hold him:
At least I hope that our good-natur'd Town
Will find a way to pull his Prizes down.
Well, that's all! Now Gentlemen for the Play,
On second Thoughts I've but two words to say;
Such as it is for your Delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judg, and speak as you find.

# EPILOGUE, spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

*NOW all depart, each his respective way,*
*To spend an Evening's Chatt upon the Play;*
*Some to* Hippolito's, *one homeward goes,*
*And one with loving sue retires to th'* Rose.
*The amorous Pair in all things frank and free,*
*Perhaps may save the Play,* in number three.
*The tearing Spark, if* Phillis *ought gainsays,*
*Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders* Bays.
*To* Coffee *some retreat to save their Pockets,*
*Others more generous damn the Play at* Lockets.
*But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain,*
*Malice ne're spoke in generous* Champain.
*That Poet merits an ignoble Death,*
*Who fears to fall over a brave* Monteth.
*The Privilege of Wine we only ask,*
*You'll taste again, before you damn the Flask.*
*Our Author fears not you; but those he may*
*Who in cold Blood, murder a Man in* Tea.
*Those Men of Spleen, who fond the World should know it,*
*Sit down, and for their* two pence *damn a Poet.*
*Their Criticism's good, that we can say fort't,*
*They understand a Play——too well to pay for't.*
*From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,*
*First steal the Play, then damn it when they've done.*
*But now to know what Fate may us betide,*
*Among our Friends in* Cornhil *and* Cheapside:
*But those I think have but one Rule for Plays;*
*They'l say they'r good, if so the World says.*
*If it should please them, and their Spouses know it,*
*They straight enquire what kind of Man's the Poet.*
*But from Side-box we dread a fearful Doom,*
*All the good-natur'd Beaux are gone to* Rome.
*The Ladies Censure I'd almost forget,*
*Then for a Line or two t' engage their Vote:*
*But that way's old, below our Author's Aim,*
*No less than his whole Play is Complement to them.*
*For their sakes then the Play can't miss succeeding,*
*Tho Criticks may want Wit, they have good Breeding.*
*They won't, I'm sure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,*
*By shewing their ill-nature to their Faces.*
*Our Business with good Manners may be done,*
*Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.*

Dramatis

# Dramatis Personæ.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sir *Harry Wildair* | An airy Gentleman affecting humourous Gaiety and Freedom in his Behaviour. | Mr. *Wilks.* |
| *Standard* | A disbanded Colonel, brave and generous. | Mr. *Powel.* |
| *Vizard* | Outwardly pious, otherwise a great Debauchee, and villanous. | Mr. *Mills.* |
| *Smuggler* | An old Merchant. | Mr. *Johnson.* |
| *Clincher* | A pert *London* Prentice turn'd Beau, and affecting Travel. | Mr. *Pinkethman.* |
| *Clincher* jun. | His Brother, educated in the Country. | Mr. *Bullock.* |
| *Dicky* his Man | | Mr. *Norris.* |
| *Tom Errand*, a Porter | | Mr. *Haines.* |

## *WOMEN.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Lurewell* | A Lady of a jilting Temper proceeding from a resentment of her Wrongs from Men. | Mrs. *Verbruggen.* |
| Lady *Darling* | An old Lady Mother to *Angelica.* | Mrs. *Powel.* |
| *Angelica* | A Woman of Honour. | Mrs. *Rogers.* |
| *Parly* | Maid to *Lurewell.* | Mrs. *Moor.* |

Constable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, *&c.*

SCENE, *London.*

# THE Conſtant Couple.

## ACT I.

### SCENE, *The Park.*

*Enter* Vizard *with a Letter, Servant following.*

*Vizard.* ANGELICA ſend it back unopen'd! ſay you?

*Servant.* As you ſee, Sir.

*Viz.* The Pride of theſe vertuous Women is more inſufferable, than the immodeſty of Proſtitutes——After all my Incouragement to ſlight me thus!

*Serv.* She ſaid, Sir, that imagining your Morals ſincere, ſhe gave you acceſs to her Converſation; but that your late Behaviour in her Company has convinc'd her, that your Love and Religion are both Hypocriſy, and that ſhe believes your Letter like your ſelf, fair on the outſide, foul within; ſo ſent it back unopen'd.

*Viz.* May Obſtinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it, then may Deſire prevail to make her curſe that untimely Pride her diſappointed Age repents——I'll be reveng'd the very firſt opportunity——Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir, and ſhe was pleas'd to ſay much in your Commendation.

*Viz.* That's my Cue——An Eſteem grafted in old Age is hardly
Rooted out, Years ſtiffen their Opinions with their Bodies,
And old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocriſy——
Run to the Lady *Lurewells*, and know of her Maid,
Whether her Ladyſhip will be at home this Evening,
Her Beauty is ſufficient Cure for *Angelica*'s Scorn. *Exit Servant.*

(Viz. *pulls out a Book, reads, and walks about.*)

*Enter* Smuggler.

*Smug.* Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th' times, at his Meditation so early, some Book of pious Ejaculations, I'm sure.

*Viz.* This *Hobbs* is an excellent Fellow! (*aside*) O Uncle *Smuggler!* to find you in this end o'th' Town is a Miracle.

*Smug.* I have seen a Miracle this Morning indeed, Cousin *Vizard.*

*Viz.* What was it, pray Sir?

*Smug.* A Man at his Devotion so near the Court——I'm very glad Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this infectious place; the very Air of this Park is heathenish, and every Man's Breath I meet scents of Atheism.

*Viz.* Surely Sir, some great Concern must bring you to this unsanctified end of the Town.

*Smug.* A very unsanctify'd Concern, truly Cousin.

*Viz.* What is't?

*Smug.* A Law-Suit, Boy——Shall I tell you?——My Ship the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from St. *Sebastians*, laden with *Portugal* Wines: Now the impudent Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the face to affirm, 'tis French Wines in Spanish Casks, and has indicted me upon the Statute——O Conscience, Conscience! These Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more with their French Wines, than the War did with *French Privateers*——Ay, there's another Plague of the Nation——.

*Enter Colonel* Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

*Viz.* Col. *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

*Stand.* May be not, Sir.

*Viz.* Why so?

*Stand.* Because——I'm disbanded.

*Viz.* How? broke!

*Stand.* This very morning, in *Hide Park*, my brave Regiment, a thousand Men that look'd like Lions yesterday, were scatter'd, and look'd as poor and simple as the Herd of Deer that gaz'd beside 'em.

*Smug.* Tal, al, deral (*singing*) I'll have a Bonfire this night as high as the Monument.

*Stand.* A Bonfire! thou dry, wither'd, ill nature; had not these brave Fellows Swords defended you, your House had been a Bonfire e're this about your Ears—— Did not we venture our Lives, Sir?

*Smug.* And did not we pay you for your Lives, Sir?——Venture your Lives! I'm sure we ventur'd our Money, and that's Life and Soul to me——Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

*Stand.* Then your Wives shall, old *Acteon*: There are five and thirty strapping Officers gone this Morning to live upon free Quarter in the City.

*Smug.* O Lord! O Lord! I shall have a Son within these nine Months born with a Leading staff in his hand—— Sir, you are——

*Stand.* What Sir?

*Smug.* Sir, I say that you are——

*Stand.* What Sir?

*Smug.*

*Smug.* Disbanded Sir, that's all——I see my Lawyer yonder. (*Exit.*

*Viz.* Sir, I'm very sorry for your Misfortune.

*Stand.* Why so? I don't come to borrow Mony of you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the *Rummer*, I'll pay my Way, drink a Health to my King, Prosperity to my Country; and away for *Hungary* to morrow Morning.

*Viz.* What! you won't leave us?

*Stand.* What! a Souldier stay here! to look like an old pair of Colours in *Westminster-Hall*, ragged and rusty! No, no—— I met yersterday a broken Lieutenant, he was asham'd to own that he wanted a Dinner, but beg'd eighteen pence of me to buy a new sheath for his Sword.

*Viz.* O, but you have good Friends, Colonel!

*Stan.* O very good Friends! my Father's a Lord, and my elder Brother a Beau.

*Viz.* But your Country may perhaps want your Sword agen.

*Stand.* Nay for that matter, let but a single Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Cross*, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

*Viz.* Come, come, Colonel, there are ways of making your Fortune at home—— Make your Addresses to the Fair, you're a Man of Honour and Courage.

*Stand.* Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty cross Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutchess——I warrant 'twill be a mighty Grace to my Ogling——Had I us'd the Stratagem of a certain Brother Colonel of mine, I might succeed.

*Viz.* What was it, pray?

*Stand.* Why to save his pretty face for the Women, he always turn'd his back upon the Enemy—— He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

*Viz.* Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail, you must get a Mistriss.

*Stand.* Prithee, no more on't——You have awakn'd a thought, from which and the Kingdom I wou'd have stoln away at once——To be plain, I have a Mistriss.

*Viz.* And She's cruel?

*Stand.* No.

*Viz.* Her Parents prevent your Happiness.

*Stand.* Nor that.

*Viz.* Then she has no Fortune.

*Stand.* A large one, Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Assaults. O *Vizard!* such a Creature!——Hey Day! Who the Devil have we here?

*Viz.* The Joy of the Play-house, and Life of the Park,

(*Enter Sir* Harry Wildair, *crosses the Stage singing, with Footmen after him.*)

Sir *Harry Wildair* newly come from *Paris*.

*Stand.* Sir *Harry Wildair!* Did not he make a Campain in *Flanders* some three or four years ago?

*Viz.* The same.

*Stand.* Why, he behav'd himself very bravely.

*Viz.* Why not? Do'st think Bravery and Gaiety are inconsistent? He's a Gentleman of most happy Circumstances, born to a plentiful Estate, has had a genteel and easy Education, free from the rigidness of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Constitution being never ruffled by misfortune, nor stinted in its Pleasures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and easy to himself—— Turning all Passion into Gaiety of Humour, by which he chuses rather to rejoice his Friends, than be hated by any; as you shall see.

*Enter* Wildair.

*Wild.* Ha *Vizard!*

*Viz.* Sir *Harry!*

*Wild.* Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* so long; I thought thy Hypocrisy had been wedded to a Pulpit Cushion long ago——Sir, if I mistake not your Face, your Name is *Standard.*

*Stand.* Sir *Harry*, I'm your Humble Servant.

*Wild.* Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th Town; For I'm just arriv'd.

*Viz.* Why, in the City end o'th Town we're playing the Knave to get Estates.

*Stand.* And in the Court end playing the Fool in spending 'em.

*Wild.* Just so in *Paris*; I'm glad we're grown so modish.

*Viz.* We are all so reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

*Stand.* And Hypocrisy for Religion.

*Wild. Alamode de Paris.* Agen.

*Viz.* Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate.*

*Stand.* But ten times more Cuckolds than ever.

*Viz.* Nothing like an Oath in the City.

*Stand.* That's a mistake; for my Major swore a hundred and fifty last night to a Merchant's Wife in her Bedchamber.

*Wild.* Pshaw, this is trifling, tell me News, Gentlemen. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the Groomporters? or his Heart at *New-Market*, for the loss of a Race? What Wife has been lately suing in *Doctors-Commons* for Alimony? or what Daughter run away with her Fathers *Valet?* What Beau gave the noblest Ball at the *Bath*, or had the finest Watch in the Ring? I want News, Gentlemen.

*Stand.* Faith, Sir, these are no News at all.

*Viz.* But pray, Sir *Harry*, tell us some News of your Travels.

*Wild.* With all my heart —— You must know then, I went over to *Amsterdam* in a *Dutch* Ship; I there had a *Dutch* Whore for five Stivers: I went from thence to *Landen*, where I was heartily drub'd in the Battle with the but-end of a *Swiss* Musket. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had half a dozen Intreagues, bought half a dozen new Suits, fought a couple of Duels, and here I am agen in *statu quo.*

*Viz.* But we heard that you design'd to make the Tour of *Italy*; what brought you back so soon?

*Wild.*

*Wild.* That which brought you into the World, and may perhaps carry you out of it; a Woman.

*Stand.* What! Quit the Pleasures of Travel for a Woman!——

*Wild.* Ay, Colonel, for such a Woman! I had rather see her *Ruell* than the Palace of *Lewis le Grand*: There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee at Rome*; and I would rather kiss her Hand than the *Pope's Toe*.

*Viz.* You, Colonel, have been very lavish in the Beauty and Virtue of your Mistriss; and Sir *Harry* here has been no less eloquent in the Praise of his Now will I lay you both ten Guineas a piece, that neither of them is so pretty so witty, or so virtuous as mine.

*Stand.* 'Tis done.

*Wild.* I'll double the Stakes—— But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, how shall we be resolv'd? for I know not where my Mistriss may be found; she left *Paris* about a month before me, and I had an account——

*Stand.* How, Sir! left *Paris* about a month before you!

*Wild.* Yes, Sir, and I had an account that she lodg'd somewhere in St. *James's*.

*Viz.* How is that, Sir? Somewhere in St. *James's*, say you?

*Wild.* Ay, but I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this fortnight.

*Stand.* Her Name, pray, Sir *Harry*.

*Viz.* Ay, ay, her Name, perhaps we know her.

*Wild.* Her Name! Ay —— She has the softest, whitest Hand that ever was made of Flesh and Blood, her Lips so balmy sweet.

*Stand.* But her Name, Sir.

*Wild.* Then her Neck and Breast;—her Breast do so heave, so heave. [*Singing.*

*Viz.* But her Name, Sir, her Quality?

*Wild.* Then her Shape, Colonel.

*Stan.* But her Name I want, Sir,

*Wild.* Then her Eyes, *Vizard!*

*Stan.* P'shaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing.

*Wild.* Then if you must have it, she's call'd the Lady——— But then her Foot, Gentlemen, she dances to a miracle. *Vizard*, you have certainly lost your Wager.

*Viz.* Why you have lost your Senses; we shall never discover the Picture unless you subscribe the Name.

*Wild.* Then her Name is *Lurewell*.

*Stand.* S'Death, My Mistriss. (*Aside.*

*Viz.* My Mistriss by *Jupiter*. (*Aside.*

*Wild.* Do you know her, Gentlemen?

*Stand.* I have seen her, Sir.

*Wild.* Can'st tell where she lodges? Tell me, dear Colonel.

*Stand.* Your humble Servant, Sir. (*Exit* Stand.

*Wild.* Nay, hold Colonel, I'll follow you, and will know. (*Runs out.*

*Viz.* The Lady *Lurewell* his Mistriss! He loves her. But she loves me——but he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has Coach and

and ſix, and I walk a foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*——That very Circumſtance has murder'd me ———Then ſome Stratagem muſt be laid to divert his Pretenſions.

*Re enter* Wildair.

*Wild.* Prithee, *Dick*, what makes the Colonel ſo out of humour?

*Viz.* Becauſe he's out of Pay, I ſuppoſe.

*Wild.* S'life that's true, I was beginning to miſtruſt ſome Rivalſhip in the Caſe.

*Viz.* And ſuppoſe there were, you know the Colonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

*Wild.* Fight! Pſhaw! but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard!* S'life man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Piſtol only, what the Devil ſhould all the Beaux do?

*Viz.* I'll try him farther (*Aſide.*) But wou'd not you, Sir *Harry*, fight for this Woman you ſo admire?

*Wild.* Fight! Let me conſider. I love her, that's true——but then I love honeſt Sir *Harry Wildair* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming——right——but then a Thruſt ith' Guts, or a *Middleſex Jury*, is as ugly as the Devil.

*Viz.* Ay, Sir *Harry*, 'twere a dangerous Caſt for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a parcel of greaſy, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who wou'd hang you purely becauſe you're a Gentleman.

*Wild.* Ay, but on t'other hand, I have Mony enough to bribe the Rogues with: So upon mature deliberation, I wou'd fight for her ——but no more of her. Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty Miſtriſs by the by, till I can find my own? you have ſtore I'm ſure; you cunning poaching Dogs make ſurer game than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*.

*Viz.* Let me conſider a little——Now Love and Revenge inſpire my Politicks. (*Aſide.*) *Panſes, whilſt* Sir Harry *walks ſinging.*

*Wild.* P'ſhaw! thou'rt as long ſtudying for a new Miſtriſs, as a Drawer is piercing a new Pipe.

*Viz.* I deſign a new Pipe for you and wholeſom Wine, you'll therefore bear a little expectation.

*Wild.* Ha! ſay'ſt thou, dear *Vizard*.

*Viz.* A Girl of ſixteen, Sir *Harry*.

*Wild.* Now ſixteen thouſand Bleſſings light on thee.

*Viz.* Pretty and Witty.

*Wild.* Ay, ay, but her Name, *Vizard*.

*Viz.* Her Name! yes——ſhe has the ſofteſt whiteſt Hand that ever was made of Fleſh and Blood, her Lips ſo balmy ſweet.

*Wild.* Well, well, but where ſhall I find her, Man?

*Viz.* Find her———but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*; ſhe dances to a Miracle.

*Wild.* Prithee don't diſtract me.

*Viz.* Well then, you muſt know, that this Lady is the Curioſity and Ambition of the Town; her Name's *Angelica*. She that paſſes for her Mother is

a private Bawd, and call'd the Lady *Darling*, she goes for a *Baronets* Lady (no disparagement to your Honour, *Sir Harry*) I assure you.

*Wild.* Pshaw, hang my Honour; but what Street, what House?

*Viz.* Not so fast, Sir *Harry*, you must have my Pasport for your Admittance, and you'l find my Recommendation in a Line or two will procure you very civil entertainment; I suppose 20 or 30 pieces handsomly plac'd will gain the Point; I'll ensure her sound.

*Wild.* Thou dearest Friend to a man in necessity ——Here Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk across the Park. (*To his Servant.*

*Enter* Clincher *Senior.*

*Clinch.* Here Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk across the Park too —— Mr. *Vizard*, your most Devoted —— Sir, (to *Wildair*) I admire the mode of your Shoulder-knot, methinks it hangs very emphatically, and Carries an air of Travel in it; your Sword-knot too is most Ornamentally modish, and bears a foreign Mein. Gentlemen, My Brother is just arriv'd in Town, so that being upon the Wing to kiss his Hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Departure of, Gentlemen, your most Devoted, and most Faithful humble Servant. (*Exit.*

*Wild.* Prethee, dost know him?

*Viz.* Know him! why 'tis *Clincher* who was Apprentice To my Uncle *Smuggler*, the Merchant in the City.

*Wild.* What makes him so Gay?

*Viz.* Why, he's in mourning for his Father, the kind old man In *Hertfordshire* 'tother day broke his Neck a Fox-hunting; the Son upon the news has broke his Indentures, Whip'd from behind the Counter into the side Box, Forswears Merchandise, where he must live by Cheating, And usurps Gentility, where he may die by Raking. He keeps his Coach, and Liveries, *brace of Geldings*, *Leash of Mistresses*, talks of nothing but Wines, Intreagues, Plays, Fashions, and *going to the Jubilee.*

*Wild.* Ha, ha, ha, how many pound of Pulvil must the fellow Use in sweetning himself from the smell of Hops And Tobacco, faugh—— I'my Conscience methought, Like *Olivia's* Lover, he stunk of *Thames-street.* But now for *Angelica*, That's her name? we'll to the Princesse's Chocolate House, where you shall write my Pasport, Aloons. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

## SCENE, *Lady* Lurewell's *Lodgings.*

Lurewell, *and her Maid* Parly.

*Lurewell.* PArly, my pocket Book —— let me ſee —— *Madrid*, *Venice*, *Paris*, *London* —— ay, *London*! they may talk
What they will of the hot Countries, but I find Love
Moſt fruitful under this Climate — In a Months ſpace
Have I gain'd — let me ſee, Imprimis, Colonel *Standard*.

*Parly.* And how will your Ladyſhip manage him?

*Lure.* As all Souldiers ſhou'd be manag'd, he ſhall ſerve me
Till I gain my ends, then I disband him.

*Par.* But he loves you, Madam.

*Lure.* Therefore I ſcorn him, I hate all that don't love me,
And ſlight all that do: would his whole deluding Sex
Admir'd me, thus wou'd I ſlight them all; my Virgin and
Unwary Innocence was wrong'd by faithleſs Man,
But now glance Eyes, plot Brain, diſſemble Face,
Lye Tongue, and be a ſecond *Eve* to tempt, ſeduce, and
Damn the treacherous kind —— Let me ſurvey my Captives ——
The *Colonel* leads the Van, next Mr. *Vizard*, he courts me
Out of the Practice of Piety, therefore is a Hypocrite:
Then *Clincher* he adores me with Orangery, and is
Conſequently a Fool; then my old Merchant, Alderman
*Smuggler*, he's a Compound of both —— out of which
Medley of Lovers, if I don't make good Diverſion — What d'ye think *Parly*?

*Parl.* I think, Madam, I'm like to be very virtuous in your Service,
If you teach me all thoſe Tricks that you uſe to your Lovers.

*Lure.* You're a Fool, Child; obſerve this, that tho a Woman ſwear, forſwear, lie, diſſemble, backbite, be proud, vain, malitious, any thing, if ſhe ſecures the main Chance, ſhe's ſtill virtuous, That's a Maxim.

*Parl.* I can't be perſuaded tho, Madam, but that you really lov'd *Sir* Harry Wildair *in Paris*.

*Lure.* Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greateſt Plague, for I cou'd never make him uneaſy; I left him involv'd in a Duel upon my Account, I long to know whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

*Enter* Standard.

O Lord, no ſooner talk of killing, but the Souldier is conjur'd up; you're upon hard Duty Colonel, to ſerve your King, your Country, and a Miſtriſs too.

*Stand.* The latter, I muſt confeſs, is the hardeſt; for in War, Madam, we can be relieved in our Duty; but in Love who wou'd take our Poſt, is our Enemy; Emulation in Glory is tranſporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

*Lure.*

*Lure.* Thoſe that bear away the Prize in the Field, ſhould boaſt the ſame ſucceſs in the Bed-chamber; and I think, conſidering the weakneſs of our Sex, we ſhould make thoſe our Companions who can be our Champions.

*Stand.* I once, Madam, hop'd the Honour of defending you from all Injuries thro a Title to your lovely Perſon, but now my Love muſt attend my Fortune. This Commiſſion, Madam, was my Paſport to the Fair; adding a nobleneſs to my Paſſion, it ſtampt a value on my Love; 'twas once the life of Honour, but now its Hearſe, and with it muſt my Love be buried.

*Parl.* What! Disbanded, Colonel?

*Stand.* Yes, Mrs. *Parly.*

*Parl.* Faugh, the nauſeous Fellow, he ſtinks of Poverty already. (*aſide.*

*Lure.* His misfortune troubles me, 'cauſe it may prevent my deſigns. (*aſide.*

*Stand.* I'll chuſe, Madam, rather to deſtroy my Paſſion by abſence abroad, than have it ſtarv'd at home.

*Lure.* I'm ſorry, Sir, you have ſo mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune.

And to convince you of your miſtake, here I vow by all that's Sacred, I own the ſame Affection now as before. Let it ſuffice, my Fortune is conſiderable.

*Stand.* No, Madam, no, I'll never be a charge to her I love:
The man that ſells himſelf for Gold is the worſt of Proſtitutes.

*Lure.* Now were he any other Creature but a man, I cou'd love him. (*aſide.*

*Stand.* This only laſt requeſt I make, that no Title recommend a Fool, Office introduce a Knave, nor a Coat a Coward to my place in your Affections; ſo farewel my Country, and adieu my Love. (*Exit.*

*Lure.* Now the Devil take thee for being ſo honourable;
Here *Parly*, call him back, I ſhall loſe half my Diverſion
Elſe; now for a trial of Skill. *Re-enter Colonel.*
Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curioſity,
When do you take your Journey?

*Stand.* To morrow Morning early, Madam.

*Lure.* So-ſuddenly! which way are you deſign'd to travel?

*Stand.* That I can't yet reſolve on.

*Lure.* Pray, Sir, tell me, pray Sir, I entreat you, why are you ſo obſtinate?

*Stand.* Why are you ſo curious, Madam?

*Lure.* Becauſe ———

*Stand.* What?

*Lure.* Becauſe, I, I, ———

*Stand.* Becauſe! what, Madam? ——— pray tell me.

*Lure.* Becauſe I deſign ——— to follow you. (*crying.*

*Stand.* Follow me! by all that's great! I ne're was proud
Before, but Love from ſuch a Creature might
Swell the vanity of the proudeſt Prince; follow me!
By Heavens thou ſhalt not. What! expoſe thee to the
Hazards of a Camp! ——— Rather I'll ſtay, and here bear
The Contempt of Fools, and worſt of Fortune.

*Lure.* You need not, ſhall not, my Eſtate for both is ſufficient.

*Stand.* Thy Eſtate! no, I'll turn a Knave and purchaſe one my ſelf; I'll cringe to that proud Man I undermine, and fawn on him that I wou'd bite to death; I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and ſmooth my Face with Smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker, nay Coward, to be great; and ſacrifice it all to thee, my generous Fair.

*Lure.* And I'll diſſemble, lye, ſwear, jilt, any thing but I'd reward thy Love, and recompence thy noble Paſſion.

*Stand.* Sir *Harry*, ha! ha! ha, poor Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha.
Rather kiſs her Hand than the Pope's Toe, ha, ha, ha.

*Lure.* What Sir *Harry*? Colonel, What Sir *Harry*!

*Stand.* Sir *Harry Wildair*, Madam ——.

*Lure.* What! is he come over?

*Stand.* Ay, and he told me —— but I don't believe a Syllable on't.

*Lure.* VVhat did he tell you?

*Stand.* Only call'd you his Miſtriſs, and pretending to be extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly inſinuate the praiſe of his own Judgment and good Fortune in a Choice ——

*Lure.* How eaſily is the vanity of Fops tickled by our Sex!

*Stand.* VVhy, your Sex is the vanity of Fops.

*Lure.* O' my Conſcience I believe ſo; this Gentleman, becauſe he danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball in *Paris*, and ever ſince he has ſo perſecuted me with Letters, Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noiſe, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom —— And I warrant he made you jealous.

*Stand.* Faith, Madam, I was a little uneaſy.

*Lure.* You ſhall have a plentiful Revenge, I'll ſend him back all his fooliſh Letters, Songs and Verſes, and you your ſelf ſhall carry 'em, 'twill afford you opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther impertinence; for of all Men he's my Averſion. I'll run and fetch them inſtantly.

*Stand.* Dear Madam, a rare Project, how I ſhall bait him like *Acteon*, with his own Dogs —— VVell, Mrs. *Parley*, 'tis order'd by *Act of Parliament*, that you receive no more pieces, Mrs. *Parley* ——

*Parl.* 'Tis provided by the ſame Act, that you ſend no more Meſſages by me good Colonel; you muſt not pretend to ſend any more Letters, unleſs you can pay the Poſtage.

*Stand.* Come, come! don't be Mercenary, take example by your Lady, be Honourable.

*Parl.* A lack a day, Sir, it ſhows as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as in their finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can ſupport it: we poor Folks, Colonel, have no pretence to't; and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour ſhou'd be caſhier'd with your Leading-ſtaff.

*Stand.* 'Tis one of the greateſt curſes of Poverty, to be the Jeſt of Chamber-maids!

*Enter* Lurewell.

*Lure.* Here's the Packet Colonel, the whole magazine of Love's Artillery. *(gives him the Packet.*

*Stand.*

*Stand.* Which since I have gain'd, I will turn upon the Enemy; Madam, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir *Harry!* ha, ha, ha. (*Exit.*

*Lure.* To the right about as you were, march Colonel: ha, ha, ha.

*Vain Man, who boasts of study'd Parts and Wiles;*
*Nature in us your deepest Art beguiles,*
*Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles.*
*You toil for Art, your Intellects you trace;*
*Woman without a Thought, bears Policy in her Face.*

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# ACT II.

## SCENE, Clincher *Junior's* Lodgings.

*Enter* Clincher *opening a Letter, Servant following.*

*Clin*—reads. Dear Brother;

*I will see you presently, I have sent this Lad to wait on you, he can instruct you in the Fashions of the Town; I am your affectionate Brother,*

Clincher.

Very well, and what's your Name, Sir?

*Dick.* My Name is *Dicky*, Sir.

*Clin. Dicky!*

*Dick.* Ay, *Dicky*, Sir.

*Clin.* Very well, a pretty Name! and what can you do Mr. *Dicky?*

*Dick.* Why Sir I can powder a Wig, and pick up a Whore.

*Clin.* O Lord! O Lord! a Whore! Why are there many Whores in this Town?

*Dick.* Ha, ha, ha, many Whores! there's a Question indeed; why Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons in Town —— Harkee Sir, do you see that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and red Knots?

*Clin.* Ay Sir, What then?

*Dick.* Why she shall be at your Service in three minutes, As I'm a Pimp.

*Clin.* O *Jupiter Ammon!* why she's a Gentlewoman.

*Dick.* A Gentlewoman! Why so are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

*Enter* Clincher *Senior.*

*Clin. sen.* Brother, you're welcome to *London!*

*Clin. jun.* I thought, Brother, you ow'd so much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

*Clin. ſen.* Why ſo I do Fool, I wear this becauſe I have the Eſtate, And you wear that, becauſe you have not the Eſtate. You have cauſe to mourn indeed, Brother. Well Brother, I'm glad to ſee you, fare you well. (*going.*

*Clin. jun.* Stay, ſtay Brother, where are you going?

*Clin. ſen.* How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to ask impertinent Queſtions. Harkee Sir, is not my Father dead?

*Clin. jun.* Ay, ay, to my ſorrow.

*Clin. ſen.* No matter for that, he is dead, and am not I a young powder'd extravagant Engliſh Heir?

*Clin. jun.* Very right Sir.

*Clin. ſen.* Why then Sir, you may be ſure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

*Clin. jun. Jubilee!* what's that?

*Clin. ſen. Jubilee!* why the *Jubilee* is—— faith I don't know what it is.

*Dick.* Why the *Jubilee* is the ſame thing with our *Lord-Mayors* Day in the City; there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibs*, and *Rary-Shows*, and all that Sir.

*Clin. jun.* And muſt you go ſo ſoon Brother?

*Clin. ſen.* Yes, Sir, for I muſt ſtay a Month in *Amſterdam*, to ſtudy Poetry.

*Clin. jun.* Then I ſuppoſe Brother, you travel through *Muſcovy* to learn Faſhions, Don't you, Brother?

*Clin. ſen.* Brother! Prithee *Robin* don't call me Brother; Sir will do every jot as well.

*Clin. jun.* O *Jupiter Ammon!* why ſo?

*Clin. ſen.* Becauſe People will imagin that you have a ſpight at me—— But have you ſeen your Couſin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother the Lady *Darling*?

*Clin. jun.* No, my Dancing Maſter has not been with me yet: How ſhall I ſalute them, Brother?

*Clin. ſen.* Pſhaw, that's eaſy, 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kiſs, and your humble Servant: I'll tell you more when I come from the *Jubilee*. Come along. (*Exeunt.*

## SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

*Enter* Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. *Like Light and Heat incorporate we lay,*
*We bleſt the Night, and curſt the coming Day.*

Well, if this Paper-kite flies ſure, I'm ſecure of my Game—*Humph!* the prettieſt *Bordel* I have ſeen, a very ſtately genteel one (*Footmen croſs the Stage*) Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Courteſy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms*—— s'Death, I'm afraid I've miſtaken the Houſe.

(*Enter Lady* Darling.)

No, this muſt be the Bawd by her Bulk.

*Darl.*

*Darl.* Your Buſineſs, pray Sir?

*Wild.* Pleaſure, Madam.

*Darl.* Then, Sir, you have no buſineſs here.

*Wild.* This Letter, Madam, will inform you further; Mr. *Vizard* ſent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyſhip.

*Darl.* How does my Couſin, Sir?

*Wild.* Ay, her Couſin too, that's right Procureſs agen.

*Darl.* reads.

Madam ——

EArneſt Inclination to ſerve — Sir Harry —— Madam —— Court my Couſin —— Gentleman —— Fortune ——. Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant,

Vizard.

Sir, your Fortune and Quality are ſufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me, is the recommendation of ſo ſober and pious a young Gentleman as Couſin *Vizard.*

*Wild.* A right ſanctified Bawd o' my word.

*Darl.* Sir *Harry*, your Converſation with Mr. *Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the looſe and vicious Carriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter. (*Exit.*

*Wild.* Now go thy way for an illuſtrious Bawd of *Babylon* —— She dreſſes up a Sin ſo religiouſly, that the Devil wou'd hardly know it of his making.

*Re-enter* Darling *with* Angelica.

*Darl.* Pray Daughter uſe him civily, ſuch Matches won't offer every Day. (*Exit.*

*Wild.* O all ye Powers of Love! an Angel! S'Death, what Mony have I got in my Pocket, I can't offer her leſs than twenty Guineas —— and by *Jupiter* ſhe's worth a hundred.

*Angel.* 'Tis he! the very ſame! and his Perſon as agreeable as his Character of good Humour —— Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from reſpect.

*Wild.* How innocent ſhe looks! how wou'd that Modeſty adorn
Virtue, when it makes even Vice look ſo charming! ——
By Heav'n there is ſuch a commanding Innocence in her looks,
That I dare not ask the Queſtion.

*Angel.* Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd Indifference aſſiſt me to engage his Heart, for mine is loſt already.

*Wild.* Madam —— I, I —— Zoons, I cannot ſpeak to her —— But ſhe's a Whore, and I will —— Madam in ſhort, I, I —— O Hypocriſy, Hypocriſy! What a charming Sin art thou?

*Angel.* He is caught, now to ſecure my Conqueſt —— I thought Sir, you had buſineſs to impart.

*Wild.* Buſineſs to impart! how nicely ſhe words it! Yes Madam, Don't you, don't you love ſinging Birds, Madam?

*Angel.* That's an odd Queſtion for a Lover —— Yes, Sir.

*Wild.*

*Wild.* Why then Madam, here is a Neſt of the prettieſt Goldfinches that ever chirpt in a Cage; twenty young ones, I aſſure you Madam.

*Angel.* Twenty young ones! What then, Sir?

*Wild.* Why then Madam, there are twenty young ones——S'Life I think twenty is pretty fair.

*Angel.* He's mad ſure——Sir *Harry*, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you ſhall be welcome here agen.

*Wild.* Wit and Manners!——I Gad now I conceive there is a great deal of Wit and Manners in twenty Guineas——I'm ſure 'tis all the Wit and Manners I have about me at preſent. What ſhall I do?

*Enter* Clincher *junior, and* Dicky.

What the Devil's here? another Couſin I warrant ye! Harkee Sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen Guineas inſtantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three hours upon my Honour.

*Clin. jun.* Theſe *London* Sparks are plaguy impudent! this Fellow by his Wig and Aſſurance can be no leſs than a Courtier.

*Dick.* He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

*Clin. jun.* Faith Sir, I han't above five Guineas about me.

*Wild.* What buſineſs have you here then Sir, for to my knowledg twenty won't be ſufficient.

*Clin. jun.* Sufficient! for what Sir?

*Wild.* What Sir? Why, for that Sir, what the Devil ſhould it be, Sir; I know your buſineſs notwithſtanding all your Gravity, Sir.

*Clin. jun.* My Buſineſs! why my Couſin lives here.

*Wild.* I know your Couſin does live there, and *Vizard*'s Couſin, and my Couſin, and every Bodies Couſin——Harkee Sir, I ſhall return immediately, and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I ſhall cut your Throat, Raſcal.

(*Exit.*

*Clin.* Why the Man's mad ſure.

*Dic.* Mad, Sir, ay, why he's a Beau.

*Clin.* A Beau! what's that! are all Madmen Beaux?

*Dic.* No Sir, but moſt Beaux are Madmen. But now for your Couſin; remember your three Scrapes, a Kiſs, and your humble Servant.

(Exeunt, *as into the Houſe.*

SCENE,

## SCENE, *the Street.*

*Enter* Wildair, *Colonel following.*

*Stand.* SIR *Harry*, Sir *Harry.*

*Wild.* I'm in haſte, Colonel; beſides, if you're in no better humour than when I parted with you in the Park this morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

*Stand.* You're a happy man, Sir *Harry*, who are never out of humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir *Harry?*

*Wild.* Nothing but Impoſſibilities, which are the ſame as nothing.

*Stand.* What Impoſſibilities?

*Wild.* The Reſurrection of my Father to diſinherit me, or an Act of Parliament againſt Wenching. A man of eight thouſand Pound *per Annum* to be vext! No, no, Anger and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

*Stand.* Suppoſe one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your back.

*Wild.* Why then wou'd I call him Raſcal behind his back, and ſo we're even.

*Stand.* But ſuppoſe you had loſt a Miſtriſs.

*Wild.* Why then I wou'd get another.

*Stand.* But ſuppoſe you were diſcarded by the Woman you love, that wou'd ſurely trouble you.

*Wild.* You're miſtaken, Colonel, my Love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary, 'tis only a pitch of Gratitude; while ſhe loves me, I love her; when ſhe deſiſts, the Obligation's void.

*Stand.* But to be miſtaken in your Opinion, Sir, if the Lady *Lurewell* (only ſuppoſe it) had diſcarded you — I ſay only ſuppoſe it — and had ſent your Diſcharge by me.

*Wild.* P'ſhaw! that's another Impoſſibility.

*Stand.* Are you ſure of that?

*Wild.* Why 'twere a Soloecism in Nature, we're Finger and Thumb, Sir. She dances with me, ſings with me, plays with me, ſwears with me, lies with me.

*Stand.* How Sir?

*Wild.* I mean in an honourable way, that is, ſhe lies for me. In ſhort, we are as like one another as a couple of Guineas.

*Stand.* Now that I have rais'd you to the higheſt Pinnacle of Vanity, will I give you ſo mortifying a Fall, as ſhall daſh your hopes to pieces — I pray your Honour to peruſe theſe Papers. (*Gives him the Packet.*

*Wild.* What is't, the Muſter Roll of your Regiment, Colonel?

*Stand.* No, no, 'tis a Liſt of your Forces in your laſt Love Campaign; and for your comfort all disbanded.

*Wild.* Prithee, good Metaphorical Colonel, what d'ye mean?

*Stand.*

*Stand.* Read, Sir, read, these are the *Sybils* Leaves that will unfold your Destiny.

*Wild.* So it be not a false Deed to cheat me of my Estate, what care I—— [*opening the Pacquet*] *Humph!* my Hand! to the Lady *Lurewell*——to the Lady *Lurewell*, ——to the Lady *Lurewell*——What Devil hast thou been tampering with to conjure up these Spirits?

*Stand.* A certain Familiar of your Acquaintance, Sir.

*Wild.* (*reading*) ——Madam, my Passion—so natural—your Beauty contending——Force of Charms——Mankind——Eternal Admirer *Wildair!*——

I never was asham'd of my Name before.

*Stand.* What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of humour, ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *Harry*; more Glory in her Smile than in the Jubilee at *Rome*, ha, ha, ha; but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*, she dances to a miracle! ha, ha, ha! Fy, Sir *Harry*, a Man of your Parts write Letters not worth a keeping! What say'st thou, my dear Knight Errant? ha, ha, ha; you may go seek Adventures now indeed.

*Wild. sings*——Let her wander, *&c.*

*Stand.* You are jilted to some tune, Sir, blown up with false Musick, that's all.

*Wild.* Now why should I be angry that a Woman is a Woman? since Inconstancy and Falshood are grounded in their Natures, how can they help it?

*Stand.* Then they must be grounded in your Nature; for you and she are Finger and Thumb, Sir.

*Wild.* Here's a Copy of Verses too, I must turn Poet in the Devil's name—— Stay——S'death, what's here? This is her Hand——Oh the charming Characters! My dear *Wildair.* (*reading*) *That's I*——this huff bluff Colonel——*that's he*——is the rarest Fool in Nature——*the Devil he is!* and as such have I us'd him——*with all my heart faith*——I had no better way of letting you know that I lodg in *Pall Mall* near the Holy Lamb——Colonel, I'm your most humble Servant.

*Stand.* Hold, Sir, you shan't go yet, I han't delivered half my Message.

*Wild.* Upon my faith but you have, Colonel.

*Stand.* Well, well, own your Spleen, out with it, I know you're like to burst.

*Wild.* I am so, by Gad, ha, ha, ha. (*Laugh, and point at one another.*

*Stand.* Ay, with all my heart, ha, ha. Well, well, that's all forc'd, Sir *Harry.*

*Wild.* I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by *Jupiter.*

*Stand.* Well, Sir *Harry*, 'tis prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no help for't——: but to be serious now, the Lady has sent you back all your Papers there——I was so just as not to look upon 'em.

*Wild.* I'm glad on't, Sir; for there were some things that I would not have you see.

*Stand.*

*Stand.* All this she has done for my sake, and I desire you would decline any farther Pretensions for your own sake. So honest, good natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant. (*Exit.*

*Wild.* Ha, ha, ha, poor Colonel!——O the delight of an ingenious Mistriss! what a life and briskness it adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, still sueing in different shapes. A *Legerdemain Mistriss*, who, *presto*, *pass*, and she's vanish'd, then *Hey*, in an instant in your Arms agen. (*Going.*

*Enter* Vizard.

*Viz.* Well met, Sir *Harry*, what news from the Island of Love?

*Wild.* Faith we made but a broken Voyage by your Card; but now I am bound for another Port: I told you the Colonel was my Rival.

*Viz.* The Colonel! curs'd Misfortune! another! (*Aside.*

*Wild.* But the civilest in the world, he brought me word where my Mistriss lodges; the Story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

*Viz.* What! have you given over all thoughts of *Angelica?*

*Wild.* No, no, I'll think of her some other time, But now for the Lady *Lurewell*; Wit and Beauty calls.

*That Mistriss ne're can pall her Lover's Joys,*
*Whose Wit can whet, when e're her Beauty cloys.*
*Her little amorous Frauds all Truths excel;*
*And make us happy, being deceiv'd so well.* (*Exit.*

*Viz. solus*——The Colonel my Rival too! how shall I manage? There is but one way ———him and the Knight will I set a tilting, where one cuts t'others Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd: So there will be two Rivals pretty decently dispos'd of. Since Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, why should not Necessity engage me to play the Knave? (*Exit.*

## SCENE, Lurewell's *Lodgings.*

Lurewell *and* Parly.

*Lure.* HAS my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?

*Parl.* No, Madam, he met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing-Cross*, who has promis'd to wait on you himself immediatly.

*Lure.* 'Tis odd, that this old Rogue shou'd pretend to love me, and at the same time cheat me of my Money.

*Parl.* 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Estate; for you say the Writings are in his hands.

*Lure.* But what satisfaction can I get of him? (*Enter* Smuggler. Mr. Alderman, your Servant, have you brought me any Money, Sir?

*Smug.* Faith, Madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raising the Customs, Losses at Sea abroad, and maintaining our Wives at home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

*Lure.* Come, come, Sir, theſe Evaſions won't ſerve your turn, I muſt have Money, Sir,——I hope you don't deſign to cheat me.

*Smug.* Cheat you, Madam! have a care what you ſay: I'm an Alderman, Madam; cheat you, Madam! I have been an honeſt Citizen theſe five and thirty years!

*Lure.* An honeſt Citizen! bear witneſs, *Parly!* I ſhall trap him in more Lies preſently——. Come, Sir, tho I'm a Woman, I can take a courſe.

*Smug.* What Courſe, Madam? You'l go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong, theſe forty years, I'm ſure of that, thanks to the honeſt Practice of the Courts.

*Lure.* Sir, I'll blaſt your Reputation, and ſo ruin your Credit.

*Smug.* Blaſt my Reputation! he, he, he: why I'm a Religious Man, Madam, I have been very inſtrumental in the Reformation of Manners; ruin my Credit! ah, poor Woman: There is but one way, Madam,——you have a ſweet leering Eye.

*Lure.* You inſtrumental in the Reformation! how?

*Smug. I whipt all the Whores Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Pariſh*——: Ah! that leering Eye! *Then I voted for pulling down the Play-houſe*——: Ah that Ogle, that Ogle!——*Then my own pious Example*——Ah that Lip, that Lip.

*Lure.* Here's a Religious Rogue for you now!——as I hope to be ſav'd I have a good mind to beat the old Monſter.

*Smug.* Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty Guineas (a great deal of Mony as times go) and——

*Lure.* Come, give it me.

*Smug.* Ah that hand, that hand, that pretty ſoft, white—— I have brought it you ſee, but the condition of the Obligation is ſuch, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty ſoft Hand, that——you underſtand me, you underſtand I'm ſure you do, you little Rogue——

*Lure.* Here's a Villain now, ſo covetous that he won't wench upon his own Coſt, but would bribe me with my own Mony. I will be reveng'd.——Upon my word Mr. Alderman you make me bluſh, what d'ye mean, pray?

*Smug.* See here, Madam (*Puts a piece of Mony in his Mouth*) *Buſs and Guinea, buſs and Guinea, buſs and Guinea.*

*Lure.* Well, Mr. Alderman, you have ſuch pretty yellow Teeth, and green Gums, that I will, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Smug.* Will you indeed, he, he, he, my little Cocket; and when, and where, and how?

*Lure.* 'Twill be a difficult point, Sir, to ſecure both our Honours, you muſt therefore be diſguis'd, Mr. Alderman.

*Smug.* P'ſhaw! no matter, I am an old Fornicator, I'm not half ſo Religious as I ſeem to be. You little Rogue, why I'm diſguis'd as I am, our Sanctity is all outſide, all Hypocriſy.

*Lure.* No man is ſeen to come into this Houſe after Night fall; you muſt therefore ſneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloaths.

*Smug,*

*Smug.* I gad ſo, cod ſo —— I have a Suit a purpoſe, my little Cocket, I love to be diſguis'd, I cod I make a very handſom Woman, I cod I do.

*Enter Servant, whiſpers* Lurewell.

*Lure.* Oh! Mr. Alderman, ſhall I beg you to walk into next Rome, here are ſome Strangers coming up.

*Smug.* Buſs and Guinea firſt, ah my little Cocket. (*Exit.*

*Enter* Wildair.

Wild. *My Life, my Soul, my all that Heaven can give.*

Lure. *Death's Life with thee, without thee Death to live.*
Welcome, my dear Sir *Harry*, I ſee you got my Directions.

*Wild.* Directions! in the moſt charming manner, thou dear *Matchiavel* of Intreague.

*Lure.* Still brisk and airy I find, Sir *Harry.*

*Wild.* The ſight of you, Madam, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

*Lure.* I have a thouſand Queſtions to ask you, Sir *Harry*; How d'ye like *France?*

*Wild. Ah! eſt le plus beau pais du monde.*

*Lure.* Then what made you leave it ſo ſoon?

*Wild. Madam, Vous Voyez que je vous ſuy partont.*

*Lure. O Monſieur, je vouz ſuis fort obligee* —— But where's the Court now?

*Wild.* At *Marli*, Madam.

*Lure.* And where my Count *Le Valier?*

*Wild.* His Body's in the Church of *Noſtre Dame*, I don't know where his Soul is.

*Lure.* What Diſeaſe did he dye of?

*Wild.* A *Duel*, Madam, I was his *Doctor.*

*Lure.* How d'ye mean?

*Wild.* As moſt Doctors do, I kill'd him.

*Lure. En Cavalier*, my dear Knight Errant, well and how;
And how, what Intreagues, what Gallantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde?*

*Wild.* I ſhould ask you that queſtion, Madam, ſince your Ladyſhip makes the *Beau Monde* whereever you come.

*Lure.* Ah! Sir *Harry*, I've been almoſt ruin'd, peſter'd to death here by the inceſſant Attacks of a mighty Colonel, he has beſieg'd me as cloſe as our Army did *Namur.*

*Wild.* I hope your Ladyſhip did not ſurrender tho.

*Lure.* No, no, but was forc'd to capitulate; but ſince you are come to raiſe the Seige, we'll dance, and ſing, and laugh.

*Wild.* And love and kiſs —— *Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

*Lure. Attande, Attande, en peu* ——— I remember, Sir *Harry*, you promis'd me in *Paris* never to ask that impertinent Queſtion agen.

*Wild.* P'ſhaw, Madam, that was above two months ago; beſides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

*Lure.* Wou'd you marry me, Sir *Harry.*

*Wild.* Oh! *Le marriage eſt une grand male* ——— but I will marry you.

*Lure.* Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on: if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Buſineſs, we may reaſonably ſuſpect his Fidelity in an Amour.

*Wild.* My Honour in Dealings of Buſineſs! why, Madam, I never had any buſineſs in all my life.

*Lure.* Yes, Sir *Harry*, I have heard a very odd Story, and am ſorry that a Gentleman of your Figure ſhould undergo the Scandal.

*Wild.* Out with it, Madam.

*Lure.* Why the Merchant, Sir, that tranſmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of ſome indirect and diſhonourable Dealings.

*Wild.* Who? old *Smuggler!*

*Lure.* Ay, ay, you know him I find.

*Wild.* I have no leſs than reaſon, I think; why the Rogue has cheated me of above five hundred pound within theſe three years.

*Lure.* 'Tis your buſineſs then to acquit your ſelf publickly, for he ſpreads the Scandal every where.

*Wild.* Acquit my ſelf publickly! ——— Here Sirrah, my Coach, I'll drive inſtantly into the City, and cane the old Villain round the *Royal Exchange*; he ſhall run the Gauntlet thro a thouſand bruſht Beavers and formal Cravats.

*Lure.* Why he's in the Houſe now, Sir.

*Wild.* What, in this Houſe?

*Lure.* Ay, in the next Room.

*Wild.* Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

*Lure.* Sir *Harry*, you won't raiſe a Diſturbance in my Houſe?

*Wild.* Diſturbance, Madam, No, no, I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philoſopher; here, Mrs. *Parly*, ſhew me the Gentleman. (*Exit with* Parly.

*Lure.* Now ſhall I get the old Monſter well beaten, and Sir *Harry* peſter'd next Term with Bloodſheds, Batteries, Coſts and Damages, Sollicitors and Attornies; and if they don't teize him out of his good humour, I'll never plot again. (*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE, *Changes to another Room in the ſame Houſe.*

*Enter* Smuggler.

*Smug.* O This damn'd Tide-waiter! A Ship and Cargo worth five thouſand pound! why 'tis richly worth five hundred Perjuries.

*Enter* Wildair.

*Wild.* Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your moſt devoted and humble Servant.

*Smug.* My beſt Friend Sir *Harry*, you're welcome to *England*.

*Wild.* I'll aſſure you Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I'm gladder to meet.

*Smug.* O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the moſt obliging ways with you.

*Wild.* There is a Buſineſs Mr. Alderman fall'n out, which you may oblige me infinitely by——I am very ſorry that I'm forc'd to be troubleſome; but neceſſity, Mr. Alderman.

*Smug.* Ay, Sir, as you ſay neceſſity——But upon my word, Sir, I am very ſhort of Mony at preſent, but——

*Wild.* That's not the matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that way, but the Buſineſs is, I am reduc'd to an indiſpenſible neceſſity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating—— Here take this Cudgel.

*Smug.* A Beating Sir *Harry!* ha, ha, ha, I beat a Knight Baronet! an Alderman turn Cudgel-Player, ha, ha, ha.

*Wild.* Upon my word, Sir, you muſt beat me, or I cudgel you, take your choice.

*Smug.* P'ſhaw, p'ſhaw, you jeſt.

*Wild.* Nay, 'tis as ſure as fate; ſo Alderman I hope you'll pardon my Curioſity.

*Smug.* Curioſity! Duce take your Curioſity, Sir, what d'ye mean.

*Wild.* Nothing at all, I'm but in jeſt, Sir.

*Smug.* O, I can take any thing in jeſt, but a Man might imagine by the ſmartneſs of the Stroak, that you were in down right earneſt.

*Wild.* Not in the leaſt, Sir, (*ſtrikes him*) not in the leaſt indeed Sir.

*Smug.* Pray good Sir, no more of your Jeſts, for they are the blunteſt Jeſts that I ever knew.

*Wild.* (*ſtrikes.*) I heartily beg your Pardon with all my Heart, Sir.

*Smug.* Pardon Sir, well Sir, that is ſatisfaction enough from a Gentleman; but ſeriouſly now if you paſs any more of your Jeſts upon me, I ſhall grow angry.

*Wild.* I humbly beg your permiſſion to break one or two more. (*ſtriking him.*

*Smug.* O Lord, Sir, you'll break my Bones: are you mad Sir; Murder, Felony, Manſlaughter. (Wild. *knocks him down.*

*Wild.*

*Wild.* Sir, I beg you ten thouſand Pardons; but I am abſolutely compell'd to't upon my Honour, Sir; nothing can be more averſe to my Inclinations, than to jeſt with my honeſt, dear, loving, obliging Friend, the Alderman.

(*Striking him all this while,* Smuggler *tumbles over and over, and ſhakes out his Pocket-book on the Floor;* Lurewel *enters, takes it up.*)

*Lure.* The old Rogue's Pocket-book, this may be of uſe. (*aſide.*
O Lord, Sir *Harry*'s murdering the poor old Man——

*Smug.* O dear Madam, I was beaten in jeſt, 'till I am murder'd in good earneſt.

*Lure.* Well, well, I'll bring you off *Senior*——*Frapez, Frapez.*

*Smug.* O for Charity's ſake, Madam, reſcue a poor Citizen.

*Lure.* O you barbarous Man, hold, hold, *Frapez, plus rudement, Frapez,* I wonder you are not aſham'd, (*holding* Wild.
A poor reverend honeſt Elder—— (*helps* Smug. *up.*
It makes me weep to ſee him in this Condition, poor Man!
Now the Devil take you Sir *Harry*——Fear not beating
Him harder: Well, my Dear, you ſhall come at Night, and
I'll make you amends. (*Here Sir* Harry *takes Snuff.*

*Smug.* Madam, I will have amends before I leave the Place, Sir;
How durſt you uſe me thus?

*Wild.* Sir?

*Smug.* Sir, I ſay that I will have ſatisfaction.

*Wild.* With all my Heart. (*Throws Snuff into his Eyes.*

*Smug.* O, Murder, Blindneſs, Fire; O Madam, Madam, get me ſome Water, Water, Fire, Fire, Water. (*Exit. with* Lurewel.

*Wild.* How pleaſant is reſenting an Injury without Paſſion:
'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

*Let Stateſmen plot, and under Buſineſs groan,*
*And ſettling publick Quiet loſe their own;*
*Let Soldiers drudg and fight for Pay or Fame,*
*For when they're ſhot, I think 'tis much the ſame.*
*Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tenſe,*
*And mad with ſtrength of Reaſon, Fools Commence.*
*Loſing their Wits in ſearching after Senſe;*
*Their* Summum Bonum *they muſt toil to gain,*
*And ſeeking Pleaſure, ſpend their Life in Pain.*
*I make the moſt of Life, no hour miſpend,*
*Pleaſure's the Means, and Pleaſure is my End.*
*No Spleen, no Trouble ſhall my time deſtroy.*
*Life's but a Span; I'll every Inch enjoy.* (Exit.

ACT

# ACT III.

## SCENE, *The Street.*

*Enter* Standard *and* Vizard.

*Stand.* I Bring him word where ſhe lodg'd! I the Civiliſt Rival in the World! 'tis impoſſible.

*Viz.* I ſhall urge it no further, Sir; I only thought Sir,
That my Character in the World might add Authority
To my Words without ſo many Repetitions.

*Stand.* Pardon me, Dear *Vizard*——Our Belief ſtruggles hard,
Before it can be brought to yield to the Diſadvantage
Of what we love; 'tis ſo great an Abuſe to our Judgment,
That it makes the Faults of our Choice our own failing.
But what ſaid Sir *Harry?*

*Viz.* He pitied the poor credulous Colonel, laugh'd heartily,
Flew away with all the Raptures of a Bridegroom, repeating theſe Lines.

*A Miſtriſs ne're can pall her Lover's Joys,*
*Whoſe Wit can whet when e're her Beauty cloys.*

Stand. *A Miſtriſs ne're can pall!* By all my Wrongs he whores her! and I'm made their Property, Vengeance! *Vizard,* you muſt carry a Note from me to Sir *Harry.*

*Viz.* What! a Challenge! I hope you don't deſign to fight?

*Stand.* What! wear the Livery of my King and Pocket an Affront! 'twere an abuſe to his Sacred Majeſty, a Souldier's Sword, *Vizard,* ſhould ſtart of it ſelf to Redreſs its Maſter's Wrong.

*Viz.* However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any ſuch Meſſage between Friends.

*Stand.* I have ne're a Servant here, what ſhall I do?

*Viz.* There's *Tom Errand,* the Porter, that plys at the *Blew Poſts,*
And who knows Sir *Harry* and his Haunts very well,
You may ſend a Note by him.

*Stand.* Here, you, Friend.

*Viz.* I have now ſome Buſineſs, and muſt take my Leave, I wou'd adviſe you nevertheleſs againſt this Affair.

*Stand.* No whiſpering now, nor telling of Friends to prevent us. He that diſappoints a Man of an honourable Revenge, may love him fooliſhly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

*Viz.* Nay the Devil take him that parts you, ſay I. (*Exit.*

*Enter Porter running.*

*Err.* Did your Honour call a Porter?

*Stand.* Is your Name *Tom Errand?*

*Err.* People call me ſo, an't like your Worſhip——

*Stand.* D'ye know Sir *Harry Wildair?*

*Err.* Ay, very well Sir, he's one of my Maſters; many a round half Crown have I had of his Worſhip, he's newly come home from *France*, Sir.

*Stand.* Go to the next Coffee-houſe, and wait for me.

O Woman, Woman, how bleſt is Man, when favour'd by your
Smiles, and how accurſt when all thoſe Smiles are found
But wanton baits to ſooth us to Deſtruction.

*Thus our chief Joys with baſe Allays are curſt,*
*And our beſt things, when once corrupted, worſt.* (*Exit.*

*Enter* Wildair *and* Clincher *ſenior following.*

*Clin. ſen.* Sir, Sir, Sir, having ſome Buſineſs of Importance to communicate to you, I would beg your Attention to a trifling Affair that I wou'd impart to you.

*Wild.* What is your trifling buſineſs of Importance pray ſweet Sir?

*Clin. ſen.* Pray Sir, are the Roads deep between this and *Paris?*

*Wild.* Why that Queſtion, Sir?

*Clin. ſen.* Becauſe I deſign to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir; I underſtand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Travel in the Tie of you Cravat, Sir, there is indeed, Sir——I ſuppoſe, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders.*

*Wild.* No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway.*

*Clin. ſen. Norway*, Sir!

*Wild.* Yes Sir, of the ſhavings of deal Boards.

*Clin. ſen.* That's very ſtrange now, Faith——Lace made of the ſhavings of deal Boards; I Gad Sir, you Travellers ſee very ſtrange things abroad, very incredible things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of that very ſame Lace before I come home.

*Wild.* But Sir? what Preparations have you made for your Journey?

*Clin. ſen.* A Caſe of Pocket-piſtols for the Bravo's——and a ſwimming Girdle.

*Wild.* Why theſe, Sir?

*Clin.* Sen. O Lord, Sir, I'll tell you —— ſuppoſe us in *Rome* now; away goes me I to ſome Ball —— for I'll be a mighty Beau. Then as I ſaid, I go to ſome Ball, or ſome Bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know —— then comes a fine *Italian Bona Roba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve, *Siegnieur Angle, Siegniour Angle*, ——— ſhe's a very fine Lady, obſerve that ——— *Seigniour Angle*, ſhays ſhe, ——— *Siegniora*, ſays I, and trips after her to the corner of a Street, ſuppoſe it *Ruſſel*-Street here, or any other Street; then you know I muſt invite her to the Tavern, I can do no leſs. ——— There up comes her Bravo, the *Italian* grows ſawcy, and I give him an *Engliſh* douſe of the Face. I can Box, Sir, Box tightly, I was a Prentice, Sir, —— but then, Sir, he whips out his *Stilletto*, and I whips out my *Bull-Dog* —— ſlaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the corner of *Ruſſel*-Street again, and whips me into the Ambaſſador's Train, and there I'm ſafe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

*Wild.* Was your Piſtol charg'd, Sir?

*Clin.* Sen. Only a brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir, I deſign to ſhoot ſeven *Italians* a Week, Sir.

*Wild.* Sir, you won't have Provocation.

*Clin.* Sen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corn, and there will be a deviliſh Throng of People there; they ſay that all the Princes in *Italy* will be there.

*Wild.* And all the Fops and Fidlers in *Europe* —— but the uſe of your ſwimming Girdle, pray, Sir?

*Clin.* Sen. O Lord, Sir, that's eaſie. Suppoſe the Ship caſt away; now, whilſt other fooliſh People are buſie at their Prayers, I whip on my ſwimming Girdle, claps a Months Proviſion into my Pockets, and ſails me away like an Egg in a Duck's Belly. ——— And heark'ee, Sir, I have a new Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my ſwimming Girdle ſhall carry me upon this Occaſion: 'Tis a new Project?

*Wild.* Where, Sir?

*Clin.* Sen. To *Civita Vecchia*, Faith and Troth, and ſo ſave the Charges of my Paſſage! Well, Sir, you muſt Pardon me now, I'm going to ſee my Miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

*Wild.* This Fellow's an accompliſh'd Aſs before he goes abroad. Well! this *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I muſt pay her t'other Viſit. [*Exit.*

## SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Angelica *ſola.*

*Angel.* Unhappy State of Woman! whoſe chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boaſted Modeſty but a ſlaviſh Reſtraint. The ſtrict confinement on our Words makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preſerves our outward Fame, deſtroys our inward Quiet. —— 'Tis hard that Love ſhou'd

be deny'd the privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction ſhou 'd ſo much indulg'd, yet ſacred Love and Truth debarr'd our Converſation.

*Enter* Darling, Clincher, *Jun. and* Dicky.

*Darl.* This is my Daughter, Couſin.

*Dick.* Now, Sir, remember your three ſcrapes.

*Clin. ſaluting* Angelica.] One, two, three, [*Kiſſes her.*] your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky.*

*Dick.* Ay faith, Sir, but why don't you ſpeak to her.

*Clin.* Jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky.* I know my diſtance, wou'd you have me ſpeak to a Lady at the firſt ſight?

*Dick.* Ay, Sir, by all means, the firſt Aim is the ſureſt.

*Clin.* Jun. Now for a good Jeſt, to make her laugh heartily——By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll go give her a Kiſs. [*Goes towards her.*

*Enter* Wildair, *Interpoſing.*

*Wild.* 'Tis all to no purpoſe, I told you ſo before, your pitiful Five Guinea's will never do —— you may march, Sir, for as far as Five Hundred Pounds will go, I'll out-bid you.

*Clin.* Jun. What the Devil! the Mad-man's here again.

*Darl.* Bleſs me, Couſin! what d'ye mean? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my Houſe.

*Clin.* Jun. Quality! why, Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality. ——They're all alike I believe.

*Darl.* Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

[*Exit* Darl. *leading* Clin. Dicky *follows.*

*Angel.* Sir, if your Converſation be no more agreeable than 'twas the laſt time, I wou'd adviſe you to make it as ſhort as you can.

*Wild.* The Offences of my laſt Viſit, Madam, bore their Puniſhment in the Commiſſion; and have made me as uneaſie 'till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyſhip can be 'till I ſue for it.

*Angel.* Sir *Harry* I did not well underſtand the Offence, and muſt therefore proportion it to the greatneſs of your Apology; if you wou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great Pains in an Excuſe.

*Wild.* How ſweet muſt be the Lips that guard that Tongue!
Then, Madam, no more of paſt Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come; let this ſeal my Pardon. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*] And this [*Again*] initiate me to farther Happineſs.

*Angel.* Hold, Sir, ——one Queſtion, Sir *Harry*, and pray anſwer plainly, d'ye love me?

*Wild.* Love you! Does Fire aſcend? Do Hypocrites Diſſemble? Uſurers love Gold, or Great Men Flattery? Doubt theſe, then queſtion that I Love.

*Angel.* This ſhows your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

*Wild.* View your own Charms, Madam, then judge my Paſſion; your Beauty raviſhes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

*Angel.*

*Angel.* If your Words be real, 'tis in your Power to raiſe an equal Flame in me.

*Wild.* Nay then—— I ſeize———

*Angel.* Hold, Sir, 'tis alſo poſſible to make me deteſt and ſcorn you worſe than the moſt profligate of your deceiving Sex.

*Wild.* Ha! A very odd turn this. I hope, Madam, you only affect Anger, becauſe you know your Frowns are Becoming.

*Angel.* Sir *Harry*, you being the beſt Judge of your own Deſigns, can beſt underſtand whether my Anger ſhou'd be real or diſſembled, think what ſtrict Modeſty ſhou'd bear, then judge of my Reſentments.

*Wild.* Strict Modeſty ſhou'd bear! Why faith Madam, I believe the ſtricteſt Modeſty may bear Fifty Guinea's, and I don't believe 'twill bear one Farthing more.

*Angel.* What d'mean? Sir.

*Wild.* Nay, Madam, what do you mean? If you go to that, I think now Fifty Guinea's is a very fine offer for your ſtrict Modeſty, as you call it.

*Angel.* 'Tis more Charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure, on his defect in Underſtanding, than on his want of Manners———I'm afraid you're Mad, Sir.

*Wild.* Why, Madam, you're enough to make any Man mad. S'death, are not you a———

*Angel.* What, Sir?

*Wild.* Why, a Lady of———ſtrict Modeſty, if you will have it ſo.

*Angel.* I ſhall never hereafter truſt common Report, which repreſented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit, and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all. [*Exit.*

*Wild. ſolus.* Now I find that the ſtrict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleaſure make to ſtrict Modeſty, is the reaſon why thoſe of Quality are aſham'd to wear it.

*Enter* Vizard.

*Viz.* Ah, Sir *Harry*, have I caught you? well, and what Succeſs.

*Wild.* Succeſs! 'tis a ſhame for you young Fellows in Town here, to let the Wenches grow ſo ſawcy: I offer'd her Fifty Guinea's, and ſhe was in her Airs preſently. I cou'd have had two Counteſſes in *Paris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* in to the Bargain.

*Viz.* Gone in her Airs ſay you? And did not you follow her?

*Wild.* Whither ſhou'd I follow her?

*Viz.* Into her Bed-Chamber, Man. She went on purpoſe; you a Man of Gallantry, and not underſtand that a Lady's beſt pleas'd when ſhe puts on her Airs, as you call it.

*Wild.* She talk'd to me of ſtrict Modeſty, and ſtuff.

*Viz.* Certainly moſt Women magnify their Modeſty, for the ſame reaſon that Cowards boaſt their Courage, becauſe they have leaſt on't. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, when you make your next Aſſault, incourage your Spirits with brisk *Burgundy*, if you ſucceed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair excuſe

for your Rudeneſs. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's paſt. Oh! I had almoſt forgot——Coll. *Standard* wants to ſpeak with you about ſome Buſineſs.

*Wild.* I'll wait upon him preſently, d'ye know where he may be found.

*Viz.* In the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promiſed to ſee him, and there you may meet him; to have your Throat cut. [*Aſide.* I'll go in and intercede for you.

*Wild.* But no foul play with the Lady, *Vizard.* [*Exit.*

*Viz.* No fair play I can aſſure you. [*Exit.*

## SCENE, *The Street before* Lurewell's *Lodgings*; Clincher *Sen. and* Lurewell *Coqueting in the Balcony.*

*Enter* Standard.

*Stand.* How weak is Reaſon in diſputes of Love? that daring Reaſon which ſo oft pretends to queſtion Works of high Omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakeſt Paſſions, and yields implicite Faith to fooliſh Love, paying blind Zeal to faithleſs Womans Eyes. I've heard her Falſhood with ſuch preſſing Proofs, that I no longer ſhou'd diſtruſt it. Yet ſtill my Love wou'd baffle Demonſtration, and make Impoſſibilities ſeem probable. [*Looks up.* Ha! that Fool too! what! ſtoop ſo low as that Animal.—— 'Tis true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in deſpair, will ſtick at nothing, there's no Medium in their Actions. They muſt be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends. But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her a Whore, curſe the whole Sex, and ſo leave her. [*Goes in.*

Lurewell *comes down with* Clincher. *The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.*

*Lure.* O Lord, Sir, 'tis my Husband: What will become of you?

*Clin.* Eh! Your Husband! Oh, I ſhall be murder'd: What ſhall I do? Where ſhall I run? I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll ſwim;—— I wiſh to the Lord I were at the *Jubilee* now.——

*Lure.* Can't you think of any thing, Sir?

*Enter* Tom Errand.

What do you want, Sir?

*Erra.* Madam, I am looking for Sir *Harry Wildair*; I ſaw him come in here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here ſtill.

*Lure.* A lucky Hitt! Here Friend, change Clothes with this Gentleman quickly: Strip.

*Clinc.* Ay, ay, quickly ſtrip: I'll give you Half a Crown. Come here: So.

*They change Clothes.*

*Lure.* Now ſlip you, [to *Clinch*] down ſtairs, and wait at the Door till my Husband be gone; And get you in there [to the Porter] till I call you.

[*Puts* Errand *into the next Room.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after ſo baſe a Trick.

*Stand.* O Madam, all your Artifices won't prevail.

*Lure.* Nay Sir, Your Artifices won't avail. I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough againſt troubling me with Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Company when I ſent his Letters back by you: Yet you forſooth muſt tell him where I lodg'd, and expoſe me again to his impertinent Courtſhip.

*Stand.* I expoſe you to his Courtſhip!

*Lure.* I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now: Come, come, Sir, a pitiful Lye is as ſcandalous to a Red Coat as an Oath to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himſelf tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

*Stand.* You're all Lyes: Firſt, your Heart is falſe, your Eyes are double; one Look belyes another: And then your Tongue does contradict them all.——Madam, I ſee a little Devil juſt now hammering out a Lye in your Pericranium.

*Lure.* As I hope for Mercy he's in the right on't. [*Aſide*] Hold, Sir, You have got the Play-houſe Cant upon your Tongue; and think that Wit may privilege your Railing: But I muſt tell you, Sir, that what is Satyr upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

*Stand.* What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality. Real Falſhood. Yes, yes, Madam,——I expos'd you to the Courtſhip of your Fool *Clincher* too? I hope your Female Wiles will impoſe that upon me——alſo——

*Lure. Clincher!* Nay, now, you're ſtark mad. I know no ſuch Perſon.

*Stand.* O Woman in Perfection! not know him! 'Slife, Madam, Can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes be ſo deluded? Nay, Madam, my Noſe could not miſtake him; for I ſmelt the Fop by his Pulvilio from the Balcony down to the Street.

*Lure.* The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha, the Balcony! I'll be hang'd but he has miſtaken Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Footman with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

*Stand.* S'Death Madam, what is there in me that looks like a Cully? Did I not ſee him?

*Lure.* No, no, you cou'd not ſee him; You're dreaming, *Colonel*: Will you believe your Eyes, now, that I have rubb'd them open?——Here, you Friend.

*Enter* Errand *in* Clincher's *Cloaths.*

*Stand.* This is Illuſion all; My Eyes conſpire againſt themſelves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

*Lure.* Legerdemain! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour?——Oh, what a Curſe it is to love as I do!——But don't preſume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For ſuch ungenerous Uſage will ſoon return my tir'd Heart.——Be gone Sir [*to the Porter.*] to your impertinent Maſter, and tell him I ſhall never be at leiſure to receive any of his troubleſome Viſits:——ſend to me to know when I ſhou'd be at home!——Be gone Sir:——I am ſure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. (*Weeps.*

*Stand.*

*Stand.* Noy, then there is no Certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falſhood well diſguis'd.

*Lure.* Sir, had not I own'd my fond fooliſh Paſſion, I ſhou'd not have been ſubject to ſuch unjuſt Suſpicions; But 'tis an ungrateful Return. (*Weeping.*

*Stand.* Now where are all my firm Reſolves? I will believe her juſt. My Paſſion rais'd my Jealouſie; then why mayn't Love be blind in finding faults as in excuſing them?——I hope, Madam, you'll pardon me, ſince Jealouſie that magnify'd my Suſpicion is as much the Effect of Love as my Eaſineſs in being ſatisfy'd.

*Lure.* Eaſineſs in being ſatisfy'd! You Men have got an inſolent way of extorting Pardon, by perſiſting in your Faults. No, no, Sir, cheriſh your Suſpicions, and feed upon your Jealouſie: 'Tis fit Meat for your ſqueamiſh Stomach.

*With me all Women ſhou'd this Rule purſue:*
*Who thinks us falſe, ſhou'd never find us true.* (*Exit* in a Rage.

*Enter* Clincher *in the Porter's Cloaths.*

*Clin.* Well, Intriguing is the prettieſt pleaſanteſt thing for a Man of my Parts:——How ſhall we laugh at the Husband when he is gone?——How ſillily he looks! He's in labour of Horns already,——to make a Colonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Aldermen. (*aſide.*

*Stand.* All this Sir *Harry* has occaſion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me juſt Revenge:—— O! this is the Porter I ſent the Challenge by:—— Well Sir, have you found him?

*Clin.* What the Devil does he mean now?

*Stand.* Have you given Sir *Harry* the Note, Fellow?

*Clin.* The Note! What Note?

*Stand.* The Letter, Blockhead, which I ſent by you to Sir *Harry Wildair*, have you ſeen him?

*Clin.* O Lord, what ſhall I ſay now? Seen him! Yes Sir.—— No Sir.——I have Sir.——I have not Sir.

*Stand.* The Fellow's mad. Anſwer me directly Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

*Clin.* I know Sir *Harry* very well, Sir; but as to the Note Sir, I can't remember a Word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

*Stand.* O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory. (*Strikes him.*

*Clin.* Zauns, Sir, hold,——I did give him the Note.

*Stand.* And what Anſwer?

*Clin.* I mean Sir, I did not give him the Note.

*Stand.* What, d'ye banter, Raſcal? (*Strikes him again.*

*Clin.* Hold Sir, hold, He did ſend an Anſwer.

*Stand.* What was't Villain?

*Clin.* Why truly Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

*Stand.* I'll engage you ſhall remember me this Month, Raſcal.

(*Beats him off, and* Exit.

*Ex-*

*Enter* Lurewell *and* Parly.

*Lure. Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon,* This is better than I expected; but Fortune ſtill helps the Induſtrious.

*Enter* Clincher.

*Clin.* Ah! The Devil take all Intriguing, ſay I, and him who firſt invented Canes:——That curs'd Colonel has got ſuch a Knack of beating his Men, that he has left the Mark of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.

*Lure.* O my poor Gentleman! And was it beaten?

*Clin.* Yes, I have been beaten: But where's my Cloaths, my Cloaths?

*Lure.* What, you won't leave me ſo ſoon, my Dear, will ye?

*Clin.* Will ye? If ever I peep into a Colonel's Tent agen, may I be forc'd to run the Gauntlet:——But my Cloaths, Madam.

*Lure.* I ſent the Porter down ſtairs with them: Did not you meet him?

*Clin.* Meet him! No, not I.

*Parl.* No? He went out of the Back-door, and is run clear away I'm afraid.

*Clin.* Gone, ſay you? And with my Cloaths? my fine Jubilee Cloaths?—— O, the Rogue, the Thief!——I'll have him hang'd for Murder:—But how ſhall I get home in this Pickle?

*Parl.* I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back preſently; for he dines at home.

*Clin.* Oh, then I muſt ſneak off! Was ever Man ſo manag'd! to have his Coat well thraſh'd, and loſe his Coat too? (*Exit.*

*Lure.* Thus the Noble Poet ſpoke Truth.

*Nothing ſutes worſe with Vice than want of Senſe:*
*Fools are ſtill wicked at their own Expence.*

*Parl.* Methinks Madam, the Injuries you have ſuffer'd by Men muſt be very great, to raiſe ſuch heavy Reſentments againſt the whole Sex.

*Lur.* The greateſt Injury that Woman cou'd ſuſtain; They robb'd me of that Jewel, which preſerv'd, exalts our Sex almoſt to Angels: But, deſtroy'd, debaſes us below the worſt of Brutes, Mankind.

*Parl.* But I think, Madam, your Anger ſhou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

*Lur.* The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

*Parl.* Not know him! 'Tis odd Madam, that a Man ſhou'd rob you of that ſame Jewel you mention'd, and you not know him.

*Lur.* Leave Trifling;——'tis a Subject that always ſowres my Temper; but ſince by thy faithful Service I have ſome Reaſon to confide in your Secreſie, hear the ſtrange Relation:—Some twelve, twelve Years ago I liv'd at my Father's Houſe in *Oxfordſhire*, bleſt with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was then juſt Fifteen, an Age oft fatal to the Female Sex; Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are——Villains. Then it hapned that three young Gentlemen from the Univerſity coming into the Country, and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offer'd them the Entertainment of his Houſe. *Parl.*

*Parl.* Which they accepted, no Doubt: Oh! theſe ſtrouling Collegians are never abroad, but upon ſome Miſchief.

*Lure.* They had ſome private Frolick or Deſign in their Heads, as appear'd by their not naming one another, which my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no enquiry into their Affairs, two of them had a heavy, pedantick, Univerſity Air, a ſort of diſagreeable ſcholaſtick Booriſhneſs in their Behaviour, but the third!

*Parl.* Ay! the third, Madam,——the third of all things, they ſay, is very Critical.

*Lure.* He was———but in ſhort, Nature cut him out for my undoing;——he ſeem'd to be about Eighteen.

*Parl.* A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

*Lure.* He had a genteel Sweetneſs in his Face, a graceful Comelineſs in his Perſon, and his Tongue was fit to ſooth ſoft Innocence to ruine: His very Looks were Witty, and his expreſſive Eyes ſpoke ſofter prettier things than Words cou'd frame.

*Parl.* There will be Miſchief by and by; I never heard a Woman talk ſo much of Eyes, but there were Tears preſently after.

*Lure.* His Diſcourſe was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Caſſandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night, roſe in the Morning, and made Verſes; ſo fell deſperately in Love——my Father was ſo pleas'd with his Converſation, that he beg'd their Company next Day; they conſented, and next Night, *Parly*—

*Par.* Ay, next Night, Madam,——next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

*Lure.* He brib'd my Maid with his Gold out of her Honeſty, and me with his Rhetorick out of my Honour——ſhe admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and ſwore, and wep't, and ſigh'd——and conquer'd. [*Weeps.*

*Parl.* Alack a day, poor Fifteen! [*Weeps.*

*Lure.* He ſwore that he wou'd come down from *Oxford* in a Fortnight, and marry me.

*Parl.* The old bait! the old bait——I was cheated juſt ſo my ſelf [*aſide.* but had not you the Wit to know his Name all this while?

*Lure.* Alas! what Wit had Innocence like mine? he told me that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himſelf then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Conſtancy, joyning Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring with this Motto, *Love and Honour*, then we parted; but I never ſaw the dear Deceiver more.

*Par.* No, nor never will, I warrant you.

*Lure.* I need not tell my Griefs, which my Father's Death made a fair Pretence for; he left me ſole Heireſs and Executrix to Three Thouſand Pounds a Year; at laſt my Love for this ſingle Diſſembler, turn'd to a hatred of the whole Sex, and reſolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune ſubſervient to my Pleaſure and Revenge, I went to Travel, where in moſt

moſt Courts of *Europe* I have done ſome Execution: Here I will play my laſt Scene; then retire to my Country-houſe, live ſolitary, and die a Penitent.

*Par.* But don't you ſtill love this dear Diſſembler?

*Lure.* Moſt certainly: 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm, repreſenting the Baſeneſs of Mankind full in View; and makes my Reſentments work.——We ſhall have that old impotent Lecher Smuggler here to Night: I have Plot to ſwinge him and his preciſe Nephew *Vizard*.

*Par.* I think, Madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

*Lure.* No, *Parly*, thoſe Men, whoſe Pretenſions I found juſt and honourable, I fairly diſmiſt by letting them know my firm Reſolutions never to marry. But thoſe Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I've ſeldom fail'd to manage.

*Par.* What d'ye think of the Colonel, Madam? I ſuppoſe his Deſigns are honourable.

*Lure.* That Man's a Riddle; There's ſomething of Honour in his Temper that pleaſes: I'm ſure he loves me too, becauſe he's ſoon jealous, and ſoon ſatisfied: But he's a Man ſtill.——When I once try'd his Pulſe about Marriage, his Blood ran as low as a Coward's: He ſwore indeed that he lov'd me; but cou'd not marry me forſooth; becauſe he was engag'd elſewhere. So poor a Pretence made me diſdain his Paſſion, which otherwiſe might have been uneaſie to me.——But, hang him, I have teiz'd him enough:——Beſides, *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of my Revenge;——but this Buſs and Guinea I muſt maul once more: I'll hanſel his Woman's Cloaths for him. Go, get me Pen and Ink; I muſt write to *Vizard* too.

*Fortune this once aſſiſt me as before.*
*Two ſuch Machines can never work in vain,*
*As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.*

## *The End of the Third Act.*

# ACT IV.

## SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Wildair *and* Standard *meeting.*

*Stand.* I Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you 'ere this in a more convenient Place; but ſince my Wrongs were without Ceremony, my Revenge ſhall be ſo too. Draw, Sir.

*Wild.* Draw, Sir! What, ſhall I draw?

*Stand.* Come, come, Sir, I like your facetious Humour well enough: It ſhows Courage and Unconcern: I know you brave; and therefore uſe you thus. Draw your Sword.

*Wild.* Nay, to oblige you I will draw: But the Devil take me if I fight—— Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettieſt Blade you have ſeen.

*Stand.* I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore think both worth my Reſentment. Come, Sir.

*Wild.* But, prithee Colonel, doſt think that I am ſuch a Mad-man as to ſend my Soul to the Devil, and my Body to the Worms upon every Fool's Errand?

*Stand.* I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

*Wild.* Coward, Sir! I have eight thouſand Pounds a Year, Sir.

*Stand.* You fought in *Flanders* to my Knowledge.

*Wild.* Ay, for the ſame Reaſon that I wore a Red Coat: Becauſe 'twas faſhionable.

*Stand.* Sir, you fought a *French Count* in *Paris*.

*Wild.* True, Sir; he was a Beau, like my ſelf: Now you're a Soldier, Colonel, and Fighting's your Trade; And I think it down-right Madneſs to contend with any Man in his Profeſſion.

*Stand.* Come, Sir, no more Dallying: I ſhall take very unſeemly Methods if you don't ſhow your ſelf a Gentleman.

*Wild.* A Gentleman! Why there agen now. A Gentleman! I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a Baronet, and have eight thouſand Pounds a Year. I can dance, ſing, ride, fence, underſtand the Languages. Now, I can't conceive how running you through the Body ſhou'd contribute one Jot more to my Gentility. But, pray Colonel, I had forgot to ask you: What's the Quarrel?

*Stand.* A Woman, Sir.

*Wild.* Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

*Stand.* Sir, my Honour's concern'd.

*Wild.*

*Wild.* Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as ſoon as you can. An honourable Lover is the greateſt Slave in Nature; ſome will ſay, the greateſt Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is ſomething about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you ſatisfaction in that Affair.

*Stand.* Do ſo then immediately.

*Wild.* Put up your Sword firſt: You know I dare fight: But I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can aſſure you this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conſcience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

*Stand.* I am aſſur'd, Sir, ſhe never gave you any Encouragement. ———

*Wild.* A Man can never hear Reaſon with a Sword in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't ſatisfie you, ſheath it in my Body.

*Stand.* Give me but Demonſtration of her granting you any Favour, and 'tis enough.

*Wild.* Will you take my Word?

*Stand.* Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

*Wild.* Will you believe your own Eyes?

*Stand.* 'Tis ten to one whether I ſhall or no: They have deceiv'd me already.

*Wild.* That's hard.——— But ſome means I ſhall deviſe for your Satisfaction.——We muſt fly this Place; elſe that Cluſter of Mobb will overwhelm us. (*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mobb,* Tom Errand's *Wife hurrying in* Clincher ſenior *in* Errand's *Cloaths.*

*Wife.* O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Husband: Ah, my poor *Timothy!* (*Crying.*

*Clin.* Dem your *Timothy*;—— Your Husband has murder'd me, Woman: For he has carry'd away my fine Jubilee Cloaths.

*Wife.* Ah, you Cut-Throat, have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there?——Neighbours, don't you know poor *Timothy*'s Coat and Apron?

*Mobb.* Ay, ay, 'tis the ſame.

*Firſt Mobb.* What ſhall we do with him, Neighbours?

*Second Mobb.* We'll pull him in pieces.

*Firſt Mobb.* No, no; then we may be hang'd for Murder; but we'll drown him.

*Clin.* Ah, good People, pray don't drown me; for I never learnt to ſwim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy Intriguing!

*Mobb.* Away with him, away with him to the *Thames.*

*Clin.* Oh, if I had but my *Swimming Girdle* now.

*Enter Conſtable.*

*Conſt.* Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.

*Wife.* O, Mr. Conſtable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Husband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.

*Conſt.* Murder and Robbery! then he muſt be a Gentleman. Hands off there, he muſt not be abus'd.—— Give an Account of your ſelf: Are you a Gentleman?

*Clin.* No, Sir, I am a Beau.

*Conſt.* Then you have kill'd no body, I'm perſwaded. How came you by theſe Cloaths, Sir?

*Clin.* You muſt know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and —ſo the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.

*Conſt.* Very well, the Man ſpeaks Reaſon, and like a Gentleman.

*Wife.* But pray Mr. Conſtable, ask him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.

*Conſt.* Silence, Woman, and don't diſturb the Court.—— Well, Sir, how did you change Cloaths?

*Clin.* Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off his: ſo I put on his Coat, and he puts on mine.

*Conſt.* Why Neighbours, I don't find that he's guilty: Search him; and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go.

(*They ſearch his Pockets, and pull out his Piſtols*

*Clin.* O *Gemini*! my Jubilee Piſtols.

*Conſt.* What, a Caſe of Piſtols! Then the Caſe is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir? whence come you, and whither go you?

*Clin.* Sir, I came from *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, and am going to the Jubilee.

*Wife.* You ſhall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

*Conſt.* Away with him, away with him to Newgate ſtraight.

*Clin.* I ſhall go to the Jubilee now indeed. (*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Wildair *and* Standard.

*Wild.* In ſhort, Colonel, 'tis all Nonſence: Fight for a Woman! Hard by is the Lady's Houſe; if you pleaſe, we'll wait on her together: You ſhall draw your Sword, I'll draw my Snuſh-Box: You ſhall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War; I'll relate mine by *Cupid*'s Dart:—— You ſhall look big; I'll ogle:—— You ſhall ſwear; I'll ſigh:—— You ſhall *ſa, ſa,* and I'll *coupee*; And if ſhe flies not to my Arms, like a Hawk to its Pearch, my Dancing-Maſter deſerves to be damn'd.

*Stand.* With the generality of Women, I grant you, theſe Arts may prevail.

*Wild.* Generality of Women! Why there agen you're out. They're all alike, Sir: I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

*Stand.* Who was ſhe, pray?

*Wild. Penelope*, I think ſhe's call'd; and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman ſo chaſte?

*Stand.* Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can diſguiſe Falſhood, and make Calumny paſs for Satyr: But you have promis'd me ocular Demonſtration that ſhe favours you: make that good, and I ſhall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconſiſtent as Truth and Falſhood.

*Wild.*

*VVild.* Nay, by what you have told me, I am ſatisfied that ſhe impoſes on us all; And *Vizard* too ſeems what I ſtill ſuſpected him: but his Honeſty once miſtruſted, ſpoils his Knavery: —— But will you be convinc'd if our Plot ſucceeds;

*Stand.* I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which, if I doubted, my Diſtruſt wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

*VVild.* Then meet me half an hour hence at the *Rummer*: You muſt oblige me by taking a hearty Glaſs with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project which this Night I undertake.

*Stand.* I gueſs by the Preparation, that Woman's the Deſign.

*VVild.* Yes, faith, —— I am taken dangerouſly ill with two fooliſh Maladies, Modeſty and Love; the firſt I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love by a Night's Lodging with the Damſel. A ſure Remedy. *Probatum eſt.*

*Stand.* I'll certainly meet you, Sir. (*Exeunt ſeverally.*

*Enter* Clincher junior *and* Dicky.

*Clin.* Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a ſad Place, a ſad vicious Place: I wiſh that I were in the Country agen: And this Brother of mine! I'm ſorry he's ſo great a Rake: I had rather ſee him dead than ſee him thus.

*Dick.* Ay, Sir, He'll ſpend his whole Eſtate at this ſame Jubilee. Who, d'ye think lives at this ſame Jubilee?

*Clin.* Who pray?

*Dick.* The Pope.

*Clin.* The Devil he does! my Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells! he's bewitch'd ſure.

*Enter* Tom Errand *in* Clincher *Senior's Cloaths.*

*Dick.* Indeed I believe he is, for he's ſtrangely attir'd.

*Clin.* Alter'd! why he looks like a Jeſuit already.

*Erra.* This Lace will ſell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to truſt me with his Coat! If I can get croſs the Garden, down to the Water-ſide, I'm pretty ſecure. [*Aſide*

*Clin.* Brother! —— Alaw! O *Gemini*? are you my Brother?

*Dick.* I ſeize you in the King's Name, Sir.

*Erra.* O Lord, ſhou'd this prove ſome Parliament Man now!

*Clin.* Speak you Rogue, what are you.

*Erra.* A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

*Dick.* What Errand? ſpeak you Rogue.

*Erra.* A Fools Errand, I'm afraid.

*Clin.* Who ſent you?

*Erra.* A Beau, Sir.

*Dick.* No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and ſtript him of his Cloaths.

*Clin.*

*Clin.* Murther'd my Brother! O *Crimini!* O my poor Jubilee Brother! — ſtay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir: Tho' ſpeak Sirrah, Have you kill'd him? Confeſs that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

*Erra.* Who I, Sir? alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horſe once.

*Clin.* Then you ſhall certainly be Hang'd, but confeſs that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

*Erra.* Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confeſſing a Lye can do no harm, beſides, if the worſt comes to the worſt, I can but deny it agen —— Well, Sir, ſince I muſt tell you, I did kill him.

*Clin.* Here's your Money, Sir,— but are you ſure you kill'd him dead.

*Erra.* Sir, I'll ſwear it before any Judge in *England.*

*Dick.* But are you ſure that he's *Dead in Law.*

*Erra.* Dead in Law! I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law.* But he's as dead as a Door Nail; for I gave him ſeven knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

*Dick.* Then you have the Eſtate by the Statute. Any Man that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law.*

*Clin.* But are you ſure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was kill'd?

*Erra.* I ſuppoſe he was, Sir, for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

*Clin.* Hey!— then I go to the *Jubilee* —— Strip, Sir, ſtrip. By *Jupiter Ammon* ſtrip.

*Dick.* Ah! don't ſwear, Sir. [*Puts on his Brother's Cloaths.*

*Clin.* Swear, Sir, *Zoons*, han't I got the Eſtate, Sir? Come, Sir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

*Err.* I hope you'll let me go now, Sir. ——

*Clin.* Yes, yes, Sir, but you muſt firſt do me the Favour, to ſwear poſitively before a Magiſtrate, that you kill'd him dead, that I may enter upon the Eſtate without any Trouble. By *Jupiter Ammon* all my Religion's gone, ſince I put on theſe fine Cloaths —— Hey, call me a Coach ſomebody.

*Erra.* Ay, Maſter let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

*Clin.* No, no, *Dicky*, carry this Spark before a Juſtice, and when he has made Oath, you may diſcharge him. And I'll go ſee *Angelica.* [*Exeunt* Dick *and* Errand. Now that I'm an Elder Brother, I'll Court, and Swear, and Rant, and Rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the beſt of them. [*Exit.*

SCENE,

## SCENE, Lurewell's *House.*

*Enter* Lurewell *and* Parly.

*Lure.* Are you sure that *Vizzard* had my Letter.

*Par.* Yes, yes, Madam, one of your Ladyships Footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, with all transports of Joy, that he wou'd be punctual to a Minute.

*Lure.* Thus most Villains, some time or other, are punctual to their Ruine; and Hypocrisie, by imposing on the World, at last deceives it self. Are all things prepar'd for his Reception.

*Par.* Exactly to your Ladyships Order, the Alderman too is just come, dress'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

*Lure.* Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on.

*Parl.* Yes, Madam, and has pass'd upon the Family for your Nurse.

*Lure.* Convey him into that Closet, and put out the Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently. [*As* Parly *goes to put out the Candle, somebody Knocks.*

*Lure.* This must be some Clown without Manners, or a Gentleman above Ceremony. Who's there?

*Wild.* Sings.

*Thus* Damon *knock'd at* Celia's *Door,*
*He sigh'd, and beg'd, and wept, and swore,*
*The Sign was so,*
[knocks]
*She answer'd, No,*
[knocks thrice]
*No, no, no.*
*Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,*
*No,* Damon, *no, I am afraid,*
*Consider,* Damon, *I'm a Maid,*
*Consider,*
*No,*
*I'm a Maid.*
*No,* &c.
*At last his Sighs and Tears made way,*
*She rose, and softly turn'd the Key,*
*Come in, said she, but do not stay.*
*I may conclude*
*You will be rude,*
*But if you are, you may.*

*Enters.* [*Exit* Parly.

*Lure.* 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir *Harry.*

*Wild.*

*Wild.* Whereſoever Love is, there Muſick is proper, there's an harmonious conſent in their Natures, and when rightly joyn'd, they make up the Chorus of Earthly Happineſs.

*Lure.* But, Sir *Harry*, what Tempeſt drives you here at this Hour.

*Wild.* No Tempeſt, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever entic'd a Citizens Wife to Cuckold her Husband in freſh Air.

Love, Madam. [Wild. *taking her by the Hand.*

*Lure. As pure and white as Angels ſoft deſires*, is't not ſo?

*Wild. Fierce, as when ripe conſenting Beauty Fires.*

*Lure.* O Villain! what Privilege has Man to our Deſtruction, that thus they hunt our Ruine? [*Aſide*] If this be a Love Token, your Miſtreſſes Favours hang very looſe about you, Sir. } Wild. *drops a Ring,* } *ſhe takes it up.*

*Wild.* I can't juſtly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any thing, but deſiring you to wear it.

*Lure.* You Gentlemen have the cunningeſt ways of playing the Fool, and are ſo induſtrious in your Profuſeneſs. Speak ſeriouſly, am I beholding to Chance or Deſign for this Ring?

*Wild.* To deſign upon my Honour, and I hope my Deſign will ſucceed. [*Aſide.*

Lure. *And what ſhall I give you for ſuch a fine thing.* } Both

Wild. *You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine thing.* } ſing.

*Lure.* Shall I be free with you, Sir *Harry.*

*Wild.* With all my Heart, Madam, ſo I may be free with you.

*Lure.* Then plainly, Sir, I ſhall beg the favour to ſee you ſome other time, for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the Houſe.

*Wild.* Then to be as plain, I muſt be gone this Minute, for I muſt ſee another Miſtreſs within theſe two Hours.

*Lure.* Frank and free.

*Wild.* As you with me——Madam, your moſt humble Servant. [*Exit.*

*Lure.* Nothing can diſturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and *Vizard.* [*Exit, and takes the Candles with her.*

*Enter* Parly, *leading in* Smugler, *dreſs'd in Woman's Cloaths.*

*Parl.* This way, Mr. Alderman.

*Smug.* Well, Mrs. *Parly*,——I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble, here are a couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard indeed, but next time I'll ſteal a pair of ſilk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you—What are you fumbling about my Pockets for——?

*Parl.* Only ſettling the Plates of your Gown, here, Sir, get into this Cloſet, and my Lady will wait on you preſently.

[*Puts him into the Cloſet, runs out, and returns with* Vizard.

*Viz.* Where wou'd'ſt thou lead me, my dear auſpicious little Pilot?

*Parl.* You're almoſt in Port, Sir, my Lady's in the Cloſet, and will come out to you immediately.

*Viz.*

*Viz.* Let me thank thee as I ought. [*Kiſſes her.*

*Parl.* Pſhaw! who has hir'd me beſt? a couple of Shillings, and a couple of Kiſſes. [*Exit.*

*Viz.* Propitious Darkneſs guides the Lovers Steps, and Night that ſhadows outward Senſe, lights up our inward Joy. Night! the great awful Ruler of Mankind, which, like the *Perſian* Monarch hides its Royalty to raiſe the Veneration of the World. Under thy eaſie Reign Diſſemblers may ſpeak Truth; all ſlaviſh Forms and Ceremonies laid aſide, and generous Villainy may act without Conſtraint.

Smug. *peeping out of the Cloſet.*] Bleſs me! what Voice is this?

*Viz.* Our hungry Appetites, like the wild Beaſts of Prey, now ſcour abroad, to gorge their craving Maws, the pleaſure of Hypocriſie, like a chain'd Lyon, once broke looſe, wildly indulges its new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded Joys.

*Smug.* My Nephew's Voice! and certainly poſſeſs'd with an Evil Spirit, he talks as prophanely, as an Actor poſſeſs'd with a Poet.

*Viz.* Ha! I hear a Voice, Madam,—— my Life, my Happineſs, where are you, Madam?

*Smug.* Madam! he takes me for a Woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. *Vizard*?

*Viz.* Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject —— I left it where it has only buſineſs with Day-light, 'tis needleſs to wear a Mask in the Dark.

*Smug.* O the Rogue, the Rogue! —— The World takes you for a very ſober virtuous Gentleman.

*Viz.* Ay, Madam, that adds Security to all my Pleaſures —— with me a Cully-Squire may ſquander his Eſtate, and ne'er be thought a Spend-thrift—— With me a Holy Elder may zealouſly be drunk, and toaſt his tuneful Noſe in Sack, to make it hold forth clearer—— But what is moſt my Praiſe, the formal Rigid ſhe that rails at Vice and Men, with me ſecures her looſeſt Pleaſures, and her ſtricteſt Honour—— ſhe who with ſcornful Mien, and virtuous Pride, diſdains the Name of Whore, with me can Wanton, and laugh at the deluded World.

*Smug.* How have I been deceiv'd! then you are very great among the Ladies.

*Viz.* Yes, Madam, they know that like a Mole in the Earth, I dig deep but inviſible, not like thoſe fluttering noiſie Sinners, whoſe Pleaſure is the proclamation of their Faults, thoſe empty Flaſhes who no ſooner kindle, but they muſt blaze to alarm the World. But come, Madam, you delay our Pleaſures.

*Smug.* He ſurely takes me for the Lady *Lurewell*—— ſhe has made him an Appointment too—— but I'll be reveng'd of both—— Well, Sir, what are theſe you are ſo intimate with.

*Viz.* Come, come, Madam, you know very well —— thoſe who ſtand ſo high, that the vulgar envy even their Crimes, whoſe Figure adds privilege to their Sin, and makes it paſs unqueſtion'd; fair, high, pamper'd Females, whoſe ſpeaking Eyes, and piercing Voice, wou'd warm the Statue of a *Stoick*, and animate his cold Marble with the Soul of an *Epicure*, all raviſhing, lovely, ſoft, and kind, like you.

*Smug.* I am very lovely and ſoft indeed, you ſhall find me much harder than you imagine, Friend —— Well, Sir, but I ſuppoſe your Diſſimulation has ſome other Motive beſides Pleaſure.

*Viz.* Yes, Madam, the honeſteſt Motive in the World, Intereſt —— you muſt know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*, you have ſeen him, I ſuppoſe.

*Smug.* Yes, yes, I have ſome ſmall Acquaintance with him.

*Viz.* 'Tis the moſt knaviſh, preciſe, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of a Gout.

*Smug.* Ah! the young Son of a Whore. Well, Sir, and what of him?

*Viz.* Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill-got Pelf—and yet (what's wonderful) he that wou'd ſtick at no profitable Villainy himſelf, loves Holineſs in another —— he prays all *Sunday* for the Sins of the Week paſt —— he ſpends all Dinner-time in too tedious Graces, and what he deſigns a Bleſſing to the Meat, proves a Curſe to his Family —— he's the moſt ——

*Smug.* Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

*Viz.* Then, Madam, he has a ſwinging Eſtate, which I deſign to Purchaſe as a Saint, and ſpend like a Gentleman. He got it by Cheating, and ſhou'd loſe it by Deceit. By the pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miſer one of theſe Days out of a Settlement, and Deed of Conveyance ——

*Smug.* It ſhall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows then, you young Dog. [*aſide.*

*Viz.* And no ſooner he's Dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghoſt how genteelly I ſpend his Money.

*Smug.* I'll prevent you, Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. [*Aſide.*

*Viz.* Bleſs me, Madam, here's a Light coming this way, I muſt fly immediately, when ſhall I ſee you, Madam.

*Smug.* Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

*Viz.* Pardon me, dear Madam, I wou'd not be ſeen for the World. I wou'd ſooner forfeit my Life, nay, my Pleaſure, than my Reputation. [*Exit.*

*Smug.* Reputation! Reputation! that poor Word ſuffers a great deal —— Well! thou art the moſt accompliſh'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding Face over a Diſh of Coffee, and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me for

for ſeven Years maintenance, and ſhall pay me by ſeven Years Impriſonment; and when I die, I'll leave him the Fee-Simple of a Rope and a Shilling——who are theſe? I begin to be afraid of ſome Miſchief—— I wiſh that I were ſafe within the City Liberties —— I'll hide my ſelf.

[*Stands cloſe.*

*Enter Butler, with other Servants and Lights.*

*But.* I ſay there are Two Spoons wanting, and I'll ſearch the whole Houſe —— Two Spoons will be no ſmall gap in my Quarter's Wages——

*Serv.* When did you miſs them, *James?*

*But.* Miſs them. Why, I miſs them now; in ſhort they muſt be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the Cunning-Man to Morrow-Morning; my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have.

*Serv.* Come, come, ſearch about. [*Search and diſcover* Smugler. Ah! who's this?

*But.* Hark'ee, good Woman, what makes you hide your ſelf? What are you aſham'd of.

*Smug.* Aſham'd of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honeſt Old Woman that never was aſham'd of any thing.

*But.* What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you ſee a couple of ſtray Spoons in your Travels?

*Smug.* Stray Spoons!

*But.* Ay, ay, ſtray Spoons; in ſhort you ſtole them, and I'll ſhake your old Limbs to pieces, if you don't deliver them preſently.

*Smug.* Bleſs me! a Reverend Elder of Seventy Years old accus'd for *Petty-Lacenary!*——why, ſearch me, good People, ſearch me, and if you find any Spoons about me, you ſhall burn me for a Witch.

*But.* Ay, ay, we will ſearch you Miſtreſs.

[*They ſearch and pull the Spoons out of his Pockets.*

*Smug.* Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

*But.* Where, where is he? Lord bleſs us, ſhe is a Witch in good earneſt, may be.

*Smug.* O, it was ſome Devil, ſome *Covent-Garden,* or St. *James's* Devil, that put them in my Pocket.

*But.* Ay, ay, you ſhall be hang'd for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

*Enter* Lurewell.

*Smug.* I'm the Lady *Lurewell's* Nurſe.

*Lure.* What Noiſe is this?

*But.* Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has ſtole two ſilver Spoons, and ſays, ſhe's your Nurſe.

*Lure.* My Nurſe! O the Impudent old Jade, I never ſaw the wither'd Creature before.

*Smug.* Then I'm finely caught. O Madam! Madam don't you know me? Don't you remember Buſs and Guinea?

*Lure.* Was ever ſuch Impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as Brazen as a Bawd in the Side-Box—— Take her before a Juſtice, and then to *Newgate*, away.

*Smug.* O! conſider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

*Lure.* Conſider, Sir, that you're a Compound of Covetouſneſs, Hypocriſy, and Knavery; and muſt be puniſh'd accordingly—— You muſt be in Petticoats, Gouty Monſter, muſt ye! You muſt Buſs and Guinea too, you muſt tempt a Ladies Honour, old Satyr, away with him.

[ *Hurry him off.*

*Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppoſe,*
*Still may our Arts delude theſe tempting Foes.*
*May Honour Rule, and never fall betray'd,*
*But Vice be caught in Nets for Virtue laid.*

## *The End of the Fourth Act.*

ACT

# ACT V.

## SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Darling *and* Angelica.

*Darling.* DAughter, ſince you have to deal with a Man of ſo peculiar a Temper, you muſt not think the general Arts of Love can ſecure him; you may therefore allow ſuch a Courtier ſome Incouragement extraordinary, without reproach to your Modeſty.

*Angel.* I am ſenſible, Madam, that a formal Nicety makes our Modeſty ſit awkard, and appears rather a Chain to Enſlave, than Bracelet to Adorn us —— it ſhou'd ſhow, when unmoleſted, eaſie and innocent as a Dove, but ſtrong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when aſſaulted.

*Darl.* I'm afraid, Daughter, you miſtake Sir *Harry*'s Gaiety for Diſhonour.

*Angel.* Tho' Modeſty, Madam, may Wink, it muſt not Sleep, when powerful Enemies are abroad —— I muſt confeſs, that of all Mens, I wou'd not ſee Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Faults; nay, I cou'd wreſt moſt ſuſpicious Words a thouſand ways, to make them look like Honour —— but, Madam, in ſpight of Love I muſt hate him, and curſe thoſe Practices which taint our Nobility, and rob all virtuous Women of the braveſt Men ——

*Darl.* You muſt certainly be miſtaken, *Angelica*, for I'm ſatisfy'd Sir *Harry*'s deſigns are only to court, and marry you.

*Angel.* His pretence, perhaps, was ſuch, but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly Conquer'd, the Glory of Triumph is the ſame —— pray, Madam, by what means were you made acquainted with his Deſigns?

*Darl.* Means, Child! why my Couſin *Vizard*, who, I'm ſure is your ſincere Friend, ſent him. He brought me this Letter from my Couſin ——

[*Gives her the Letter, which ſhe opens.*

*Angel.* Ha! *Vizard!* then I'm abus'd in earneſt —— wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his Inſtigation, fix a baſe Affront upon me? no, I can't ſuſpect him of ſo ungenteel a Crime —— this Letter ſhall trace the Truth —— [*Aſide.*] my Suſpicions, Madam, are much clear'd, and I hope to ſatisfy your Ladyſhip in my Management, when next I ſee Sir *Harry.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, here's a Gentleman below calls himſelf *Wildair.*

*Darl.* Conduct him up, Daughter, I wont doubt your Diſcretion.

[*Exit* Darling.

*Enter*

*Enter* Wildair.

*Wild.* O, the Delights of Love and *Burgundy* — ! Madam, I have toaſted your Ladyſhip fifteen Bumpers ſucceſſively, and ſwallow'd *Cupids* like Loches, to every Glaſs.

*Ang.* And what then, Sir ?

*Wild.* Why then, Madam, the Wine has got into my Head ; and the *Cupids* into my Heart : and unleſs by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly eaſe the Smart, I'm a loſt Man, Madam.

*Ang.* Drunkenneſs, Sir *Harry*, is the worſt Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeneſs : For the Excuſe is as ſcandalous as the Fault :——— Therefore pray conſider who you are ſo free with, Sir ; a Woman of Condition, that can call half a dozen Footmen upon Occaſion.

*Wild.* Nay, Madam, if you have a mind to toſs me in a Blanket, half a dozen Chamber-maids would do better Service.——— Come, come, Madam, tho' the Wine makes me liſp, yet has it taught me to ſpeak plainer. By all the Duſt of my ancient Progenitors I muſt this Night quarter my Coat of Arms with yours.

*Angel.* Nay, then who waits there ? (*Enter Footmen.*
Take hold of that mad Man, and bind him.

*Wild.* Nay, then *Burgundy*'s the Word, and Slaughter will enſue. Hold,— do you know, Scoundrils, that I have been drinking victorious *Burgundy*? (*draws.*

*Servants.* We know you're drunk, Sir.

*Wild.* Then how have you the Impudence, Raſcals, to aſſault a Gentleman with a couple of Flasks of Courage in his Head ?

*Servants.* Sir, we muſt do as our young Miſtriſs commands us.

*Wild.* Nay, then, have among ye, Dogs.

(*Throws Money among them : They ſcramble and take it up : He pelting them out, ſhuts the Door, and returns.*

Raſcals, Poultrons,——— I have charm'd the Dragon, and now the Fruit's my own.

*Angel.* O, the mercenary Wretches ! This was a Plot to betray me.

*Wild.* I have put the whole Army to flight : And, now take the General Priſoner. (*Laying hold on her.*

*Angel.* I conjure you, Sir, by the ſacred Name of Honour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair Reputation of your Mother's Chaſtity, that you offer not the leaſt Offence.—Already you have wrong'd me paſt Redreſs.

*Wild.* Thou art the moſt unaccountable Creature.

*Angel.* What Madneſs, Sir *Harry*, what wild Dream of looſe Deſire cou'd prompt you to attempt this Baſeneſs ? View me well. ——— The Brightneſs of my Mind, methinks, ſhou'd lighten outwards, and let you ſee your Miſtake in my Behaviour. I think it ſhines with ſo much Innocence in my Face, that it ſhou'd dazzle all your vicious Thoughts : Think not I am defenceleſs 'cauſe alone. Your very ſelf is Guard againſt your ſelf ; I'm ſure there's ſomething gene-

generous in your Soul; My Words shall search it out, and Eyes shall fire it for my own Defence.

*Wild.* Ha! Her Voice bears a commanding Accent! Every Syllable is pointed.—— By Heavens I love her:——— I feel her piercing Words turn the wild Current of my Blood; and thrill through all my Veins.

*Angel.* View me well: consider me with a sober Thought, free from those Fumes of Wine that cast a Mist before your Sight; and you shall find that every Glance from my reproaching Eye is arm'd with sharp Resentment, and with repelling Rays that look Dishonour dead.

*Wild.* I cannot view you, Madam: For when you speak, all the Faculties of my charm'd Soul crowd to my attentive Ears; desert my Eyes, which gaze insensibly.——Whatever Charm inspires your Looks, whether of Innocence or Vice, 'tis lovely, past Expression.

*Angel.* If my Beauty has power to raise a Flame, be sure it is a vertuous one: if otherwise, 'tis owing to the Foulness of your own Thought, which throwing this mean Affront upon my Honour, has alarm'd my Soul, and fires it with a brave Disdain.

*Wild.* Where can the Difference lie 'twixt such Hypocrisie and Truth. Madam, whate'er my unruly Passion did at first suggest; I now must own you've turn'd my Love to Veneration, and my unmannerly Demands to a most humble Prayer.——— Your surprizing Conduct has quench'd the gross material Flame; but rais'd a subtil piercing Fire, which flies like lambent Lightning, through my Blood, disdaining common Fuel, preys upon the nobler Part, my Soul.

*Ang.* Grant, Heav'ns, his Words be true! [*aside*] Then, as you hope that Passion shou'd be happy, tell me without Reserve, what Motives have engag'd you thus to affront my Virtue?

*Wild.* Affront her Vertue! Ah, something I fear.——Your Question, Madam is a Riddle, and cannot be resolv'd; but the most proper Answer the old Gentlewoman can make, who passes for your Mother.

*Ang.* Passes for my Mother! O Indignation! Were I a Man, you durst not use me thus:—— But the mean poor Abuse you cast on me, reflects upon your self: Our Sex still strikes an Awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

*Wild.* Then, Madam, I have a fair Claim to Courage; for, by all Hopes of Happiness, I ne'er was aw'd so much, nor ever felt the Power of Fear before:——But since I can't dissolve this Knot,——I'll cut it at a Stroak.

*Vizard* (who, I fear is a Villain) told me you were a Prostitute; that he had known you, and sent a Letter, intimating, my Designs to the old Gentlewoman, who, I suppos'd had licens'd my Proceedings by leaving us so oft in private.

*Ang.* That *Vizard* is a Villain, damn'd beyond the Curses of an injur'd Woman, is most true; But, that his Letter signified any dishonourable Proceedings, is as false.

*Wild.* I appeal to that for Pardon or Condemnation: He read it to me; and the Contents were as I have declar'd, only with this Addition; That I wou'd scruple no price for the Enjoyment of my Pleasure.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* No price! What have I ſuffer'd? to be made a Proſtitute for Sale! ——'Tis an unequall'd Curſe upon our Sex, That Woman's Vertue ſhou'd ſo much depend on lying Fame, and ſcandalous Tongues of Men.——Read that: Then judge how far I'm injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

*Wild.* reads.

*Out of my earneſt Inclination to ſerve your Ladiſhip, and my Couſin* Angelica, *I have ſent Sir* Harry Wildair *to court my Couſin.* ——[The Villain read to me a clear different thing.] *He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune:*——[Damn his Compliment.] *and wou'd make your Daughter very happy in a Huſband.*——[O Lord, O Lord, what have I been doing!——] *I hope your Ladyſhip will entertain him as becomes his Birth and Fortune, and the Friend of, Madam,*

Your Ladyſhip's moſt Devoted

and Humble Servant,

VIZARD.

*Ang.* Now, Sir,—I hope you need no Inſtigation to redreſs my Wrongs, ſince Honour points the Way.

*Wild.* Redreſs your Wrongs! Inſtruct me, Madam: for all your Injuries ten-fold recoil'd on me. I have abus'd Innocence, murder'd Honour, ſtabb'd it in the niceſt part: A fair Lady's Fame.——Inſtruct me, Madam: For my Reaſon's fled, and hides its guilty Face, as conſcious of its Maſter's Shame.

*Ang.* Think, Sir, that my Blood, for many Generations, has run in the pureſt Channel of unſully'd Honour.

Conſider what a tender Flower is Woman's Reputation, which, the leaſt Air of foul Detraction blaſts.—Call then to mind your rude and ſcandalous Behaviour:—— Remember the baſe Price you offer'd: —then think that *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all this, yet lives. That's all.—— Farewel. (*going.*

*Wild.* Stay, Madam; he's too baſe an Offering for ſuch Purity: But Juſtice has inſpir'd me with a nobler Thought. —I throw a purer Victim at your Feet, my honourable Love and Fortune: If chaſteſt, pureſt Paſſion, with a large and fair Eſtate, can make amends, they're yours this Moment. —The matrimonial Tye ſhall bind us Friends this Hour.——Nay, Madam, no Reply, unleſs you ſmile.—Let but a pleaſing Look fore-run my Sentence: then raiſe me up to Joy.

*Ang.* Riſe, Sir, [*ſmiling*] I'm pleas'd to find my Sentiments of you, which were always *Generous*, ſo generouſly anſwer'd: And ſince I have met a Man above the common Level of your Sex, I think my ſelf diſengag'd from the Formality of mine, and ſhall therefore venture to inform you, that with Joy I receive your honourable Love.

*Wild.*

*Wild.* Beauty without Art! Vertue without Pride! and Love without Ceremony! The Day breaks glorious to my o'erclouded Thought, and darts its ſmiling Beams into my Soul. My Love is heighten'd by a glad Devotion; and Vertue rarifies the Bliſs to feaſt the purer Mind.

*Ang.* You muſt promiſe me, Sir *Harry*, to have a care of *Burgundy* henceforth.

*Wild.* Fear not, ſweet Innocence; Your Preſence, like a Guardian Angel, ſhall fright away all Vice.

*In your ſweet Eyes and Words there is a Charm*
*To ſettle Madneſs, or a Fiend diſarm*
*Of all his Spite, his Torments and his Cares:*
*And make him change his Curſes into Pray'rs.* (Exeunt.

## SCENE *Newgate*, Clincher ſenior *ſolus.*

*Clin.* How ſevere and melancholy are *Newgate* Reflections? Laſt Week my Father died: Yeſterday I turn'd Beau: To day I am laid by the heels, and to morrow ſhall be hung by the Neck.——I was agreeing with a Bookſeller about Printing an Account of my Journey through *France* to *Italy*; But now, the Hiſtory of my Travels thro' *Holborn* to *Tyburn*,——*The laſt and dying Speech of Beau* Clincher, *that was going to the Jubilee.*——*Come, a Half-peny a-piece.* A ſad Sound, a ſad Sound, faith. 'Tis one Way to have a Man's Death make a great Noiſe in the World.

*Enter Smugler and Gaoler.*

*Smug.* Well, Friend, I have told you who I am: ſo ſend theſe Letters into *Thames-ſtreet*, as directed; they are to Gentlemen that will bail me. *Ex. Gaoler.* Eh!—— this *Newgate* is a very populous Place: Here's Robbery and Repentance in every Corner.—— Well, Friend, what are you, a Cut-throat or a Bum-Bayliff?

*Clin.* What are you, Miſtriſs, a Bawd or a Witch? Hearkee, if you are a Witch, d'ye ſee, I'll give you a hundred Pounds to mount me on a Broom-ſtaff, and whip me away to the Jubilee.

*Smug.* The Jubilee! O, you young Rake-hell, what brought you here?

*Clin.* Ah, you old Rogue, what brought you here, if you go to that?

*Smug.* I knew, Sir, what your Powdering, your Prinking, your Dancing and your Friſking wou'd come to.

*Clin.* And I knew what your Cozening, your Extortion, and your Smuggling wou'd come to.

*Smug.* Ay, Sir, you muſt break your Indentures, and run to the Devil in a full Bottom Wig, muſt you?

*Clin.* Ay Sir, and you muſt put off your Gravity, and run to the Devil in Petticoats: —— You deſign to ſwing in Maſquerade, Maſter, d'ye?

*Smug.* Ay, you muſt go to Plays too, Sirrah: Lord, Lord! What Buſineſs has a Prentice at a Play-houſe, unleſs it be to hear his Maſter made a Cuckold, and his Miſtriſs a Whore? 'Tis ten to one now, but ſome malicious

Poet has my Character upon the Stage within this Month: 'Tis a hard matter now, that an honeſt ſober Man can't ſin in private for this plaguy Stage. I gave an honeſt Gentleman five Guineas my ſelf towards writing a Book againſt it: And it has done no good, we ſee.

*Clin.* Well, well, Maſter, take Courage; our Comfort is, we have liv'd together, and ſhall die together, only with this difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, and ſhall die like a Knave; and you have liv'd like a Knave, and ſhall die like a Fool.

*Smug.* No, Sirrah! I have ſent a Meſſenger for my Cloaths, and ſhall get out immediately, and ſhall be upon your Jury by and by.—— Go to Prayers, you Rogue, go to Prayers. (*Exit Smug.*

*Clin.* Prayers! 'Tis a hard taking, when a Man muſt, ſay Grace to the Gallows.——— Ah, this curſed Intriguing! Had I ſwung handſomely in a ſilken Garter now, I had died in my Duty; but to hang in Hemp, like the Vulgar, 'tis very ungenteel.

*Enter* Tom Errand.

A Reprieve, a Reprieve, thou dear, dear ——damn'd Rogue, where have you been? Thou art the moſt welcome ———Son of a Whore, where's my Cloaths?

*Erra.* Sir, I ſee where mine are: Come, Sir, ſtrip, Sir, ſtrip.

*Clin.* What, Sir, will you abuſe a Gentleman?

*Erra.* A Gentleman! ha, ha, ha, d'ye know where you are, Sir? Were all Gentlemen here, —I ſtand up for Liberty and Property. ——— *Newgate*'s a Common-wealth. No Courtier has Buſineſs among us; Come, Sir.

*Clin.* Well, but ſtay, ſtay till I ſend for my own Cloaths: I ſhall get out preſently.

*Erra.* No, no, Sir, I'll ha you into the Dungeon, and uncaſe you.

*Clin.* Sir, you can't maſter me; for I'm twenty thouſand ſtrong.

(*Exeunt ſtruggling.*

*The* SCENE *changes to Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

*Enter* Wildair *with Letters, Servants following.*

*Wild.* Here, fly all around, and bear theſe as directed; you to *Weſtminſter*,— you to St. *James*'s,——and you into the City.——— Tell all my Friends a Bridegroom's Joy invites their Preſence: Look all of ye like Bridegrooms alſo: All appear with hoſpitable Looks, and bear a Welcome in your Faces.— Tell 'em I'm married. If any ask to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em that I'm married, that Joy ſhall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Be gone, fly.

*Enter* Standard.

A thouſand Welcomes, Friend: my Pleaſure's now compleat, ſince I can ſhare it with my Friend: Briſk Joy ſhall bound from me to you: Then back agen; and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflexion.

*Stand.* You're always pleaſant, Sir *Harry*; but this tranſcends your ſelf; whence proceeds it?

*Wild*

*Wild.* Canſt thou not gueſs? my Friend —— whence flows all Earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and Soul of Pleaſure? —— *Woman*: —— What fires the Heart with Tranſport, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lovely Woman.*— What is the Maſter Stroak and Smile of the Creation, but *Charming Vertuous Woman*? —— When Nature in the general Compoſition firſt brought Woman forth, like a fluſh'd Poet, raviſh'd with his Fancy, with Extaſie: The bleſt, the fair Production. ——— Methinks, my Friend, you reliſh not my Joy. What is the Cauſe?

*Stand.* Canſt thou not gueſs? — What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman*? ——— What is the Heatheniſh Idol Man ſets up, and is damn'd for worſhipping? *Treacherous Woman*: —— What are thoſe whoſe Eyes, like Baſiliksks, ſhine beautiful for ſure Deſtruction, whoſe Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends? But *falſe deluding Woman.* ——— Woman, whoſe Compoſition inverts Humanity; their Body's Heavenly, but their Souls are Clay.

*Wild.* Come, come, Colonel, this is too much: I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell*, may excuſe your Reſentments againſt her: But 'tis unpardonable to charge the Failings of a ſingle Woman upon the whole Sex.—— I have found one, whoſe Vertues ———

*Stand.* So have I, Sir *Harry*; I have found one whoſe Pride's above yielding to a Prince: And if Lying, Diſſembling, Perjury and Falſhood be no Breaches in Woman's Honour, ſhe's as innocent as Infancy.

*Wild.* Well, Colonel, I find your Opinion grows ſtronger by Oppoſition, I ſhall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day to make a Show of Complaiſance at leaſt. ——— Here comes my Charming Bride. ———

*Enter* Darling *and* Angelica.

*Stand. ſaluting Angelica.* I wiſh you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

*Enter* Clincher junior.

*Clin.* Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm juſt upon the Spur, and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

*Wild.* Whither are you bound, Sir?

*Clin.* Bound, Sir! I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

*Darl.* Bleſs me, Couſin! how came you by theſe Cloaths?

*Clin.* Cloaths! Ha, ha, ha, the rareſt Jeſt! Ha, ha, ha, I ſhall burſt, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I ſhall burſt.

*Darl.* What's the Matter, Couſin?

*Clin.* The matter! Ha, ha, ha: why an honeſt Porter, ha, ha, ha, has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, ha, ha, ha.

*Wild.* A very good Jeſt, i'faith, ha ha, ha.

*Clin.* Ay Sir, but the beſt Jeſt of all is, he knock'd out his Brains with a Hammer, and ſo he is as dead as a Door-nail, ha, ha, ha.

*Darl.* And do you laugh, Wretch?

*Clin.* Laugh! ha, ha, ha, Let me ſee e'er a younger Brother in *England* that won't laugh at ſuch a Jeſt.

*Ang.* You appear'd a very ſober pious Gentleman ſome Hours ago.

*Clin.* Pſhaw, I was a Fool then: but now, Madam, I'm a Wit: I can rake now.——— As for your part, Madam, you might have had me once: —— But now, Madam, if you ſhou'd chance fall to eating Chalk, or gnawing the Sheets, 'tis none of my Fault——— Now, Madam, —— I have got an Eſtate, and I muſt go to the *Jubilee.*

*Enter* Clincher ſenior *in a Blanket.*

*Clin.* ſen. Muſt you ſo, Rogue, muſt ye? —— you will go to the *Jubilee,* will you?

*Clin.* jun. A Ghoſt, a Ghoſt!——Send for the Dean and Chapter preſently.

*Clin.* ſen. A Ghoſt! no, no, Sirrah, I'm an Elder Brother; Rogue.

*Clin.* jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm ſure you're Dead in Law.

*Clin.* ſen. Why ſo, Sirrah, why ſo?

*Clin.* jun. Becauſe, Sir, I can get a Fellow to ſwear he knock'd out your Brains.

*Wild.* An odd way of ſwearing a Man out of his Life.

*Clin.* jun. Smell him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Scent about him——

*Clin.* ſen. Truly the apprehenſions of Death may have made me ſavour a little———O Lord——the Colonel! the apprehenſion of him may make me ſavour worſe, I'm afraid.

*Clin.* jun. In ſhort, Sir, were you Ghoſt, or Brother, or Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee,* by *Jupiter Ammon.*

*Stand.* Go to the *Jubilee!* go to the *Bear-Garden*—— the Travel of ſuch Fools as you, doubly injure our Country, you expoſe our Native Follies, which ridicules us among Strangers, and return fraught only with their Vices, which you vend here for faſhionable Gallantry; a Travelling Fool is as dangerous as a Home-bred Villain——— Get ye to your Native Plough and Cart, converſe with Animals, like your ſelves, Sheep and Oxen, Men are Creatures you don't underſtand.

*Wild.* Let 'em alone, Colonel, their Folly will be now diverting. Come, Gentlemen, we'll diſpute this Point ſome other time, I hear ſome Fiddles tuning; let's hear how they can entertain us: Be pleas'd to ſit.

*Here Singing and Dancing. After which a Servant whiſpers* Wildair.

*Wild.* Madam, ſhall I beg you to entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment. [*To* Darling.

*Darl.* With all my Heart——— Come, Gentlemen. [*Ex. Omnes but* Wild.

*Wild.* A Lady to enquire for me! Who can this be?

*Enter*

*Enter* Lurewell.

O, Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my Wedding——What d'ye gaze at, Madam?

*Lure.* A Monſter——if thou art marry'd, thou'rt the moſt perjur'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd Deceit.

*Wild.* Hey day! why, Madam, I'm ſure I never ſwore to marry you, I made indeed a ſlight Promiſe, upon condition of your granting me a ſmall Favour, but you would not conſent, you know.

*Lure.* How he upbraids me with my Shame——can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witneſs 'gainſt your Falſhood [*Shews a Ring.* Methinks the Motto of this ſacred Pledge ſhou'd flaſh Confuſion in your guilty Face——read, read here the binding Words of Love and Honour, Words not unknown to your perfidious Eyes.——tho' utter Strangers to your treacherous Heart.

*Wild.* The Woman's ſtark ſtaring Mad, that's certain.

*Lure.* Was it maliciouſly deſign'd to let me find my Miſery when paſt redreſs; to let me know you, only to know you falſe——had not curs'd Chance ſhow'd me the ſurprizing Motto, I had been happy——The firſt Knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this ſecond worſe.

*Wild.* What the Devil's all this!——Madam, I'm not at leiſure for Rallery at preſent, I have weighty Affairs upon my hands; the buſineſs of Pleaſure, Ma[illegible] any other time—— [*Going.*

*Lure.* Stay, I conjure you ſtay.

*Wild.* Faith I can't, my Bride expects me; but hark'ee, when the Honey-Moon is over, about a Month or two hence, I may do you a ſmall Favour. [*Exit.*

*Lure.* Grant me ſome wild Expreſſions, Heav'ns, or I ſhall burſt——Woman's Weakneſs, Man's Falſhood, my own Shame, and Love's Diſdain, at once ſwell up my Breaſt——Words, Words, or I ſhall burſt. [*Going.*

*Enter* Standard.

*Stand.* Stay, Madam, you need not ſhun my ſight; for if you are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to out-face a Crime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Bluſh.

*Lure.* The charge of Guilt! what? making a Fool of you? I've don't, and glory in the Act, the height of Female Juſtice were to make you all hang or drown, diſſembling to the prejudice of Men is Virtue; and every Look, or Sigh, or Smile, or Tear that can deceive is Meritorious.

*Stand.* Very pretty Principles truly——if there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee——Come, Madam, you know that you're diſcover'd, and being ſenſible, you can't eſcape, you wou'd now turn to Bay.
That Ring, Madam, proclaims you Guilty.

*Lure.*

*Lure.* O Monſter, Villain, perfidious Villain! has he told you?

*Stand.* I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

*Lure.* O name it not ——yes, ſpeak it out, 'tis ſo juſt Puniſhment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all; and let credulous Maids that truſt their Honour to the Tongues of Men, thus hear their Shame proclaim'd--- Speak now, what his buſie Scandal, and your improving Malice both dare utter.

*Stand.* Your Falſhood can't be reach'd by Malice, nor by Satyr; your Actions are the juſteſt Libel on your Fame——your Words, your Looks, your Tears, I did believe in ſpight of common Fame. Nay, 'gainſt my own Eyes, I ſtill maintain'd your Truth. I imagin'd *Wildair*'s boaſting of your Favours to be the pure reſult of his own Vanity, at laſt he urg'd your taking Preſents of him, as a convincing Proof of which; you Yeſterday from him receiv'd that Ring———which Ring, that I might be ſure he gave it, I lent him for that purpoſe.

*Lure.* Ha! you lent him for that purpoſe!

*Stand.* Yes, yes, Madam, I lent him for that purpoſe——no denying it---- I know it well, for I have worn it long, and deſire you now, Madam, to reſtore it to the juſt Owner.

*Lure.* The juſt Owner, think Sir, think but of what importance 'tis to own it, if you have Love and Honour in your Soul. 'Tis then moſt juſtly yours, if not, you are a Robber, and have ſtoln it baſely.

*Stand.* Ha——your Words, like meeting Flints, have ſtruck a Light to ſhow me ſomething ſtrange———but tell me inſtantly, is not your real Name *Manly*?

*Lure.* Anſwer me firſt, did not you receive this Ring about Twelve Years ago?

*Stand.* I did.

*Lure.* And were not you about that time entertain'd two Nights at the Houſe of Sir *Oliver Manly* in *Oxfordſhire*.

*Stand.* I was, I was, [*runs to her, and embraces her*] the bleſt remembrance fires my Soul with tranſport——I know the reſt—— you are the charming She, and I the happy Man.

*Lure.* How has blind Fortune ſtumbled on the right! —— But where have you wander'd ſince, 'twas cruel to forſake me.

*Stand.* The particulars of my Fortune were too tedious now; but to diſcharge my ſelf from the ſtain of Diſhonour, I muſt tell you, that immediately upon my return to the Univerſity, my Elder Brother and I quarrel'd; my Father, to prevent farther Miſchief, poſts me away to Travel: I writ to you from *London*, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

*Lure.* I never had the leaſt account of you, by Letter or otherwiſe.

*Stand.* Three Years I liv'd abroad, and at my Return, found you were gone out of the Kingdom, tho' none cou'd tell me whither; miſſing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, ſerv'd my King 'till the Peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on Board at *Amſterdam*, one Ship tranſported us both to *England*.

*England.* At the firſt ſight I lov'd, tho' ignorant of the hidden Cauſe —— You may remember, Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engag'd; to your dear ſelf I meant.

*Lure.* Then Men are ſtill moſt Generous and Brave——and to reward your Truth, an Eſtate of Three Thouſand Pounds a Year waits your acceptance; and if I can ſatisfie you in my paſt Conduct, and the reaſons that engag'd me to deceive all Men, I ſhall expect the honourable performance of your Promiſe, and that you wou'd ſtay with me in *England.*

*Stand.* Stay, not Fame, nor Glory, e're ſhall part us more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

*Enter* Wildair, Angelica, *both* Clinchers.

Oh, Sir *Harry,* Fortune has acted Miracles, the Story's ſtrange and tedious, but all amounts to this. That Woman's Mind is charming as her Perſon, and I am made a Convert too to Beauty.

*Wild.* I wanted only this to make my Pleaſure perfect.

*Enter* Smuggler.

*Smug.* So, Gentlemen and Ladies, is my Gracious Nephew *Vizard* among ye?

*Wild.* Sir, he dares not ſhow his Face among ſuch Honourable Company, for your Gracious Nephew is a——

*Smug.* What, Sir? Have a care what you ſay.

*Wild.* A Villain, Sir.

*Smug.* With all my Heart——I'll pardon you the beating me for that very Word. And pray, Sir *Harry,* when you ſee him next, tell him this News from me, that I have Diſinherited him, that I will leave him as poor as a diſbanded Quarter-Maſter. And this is the poſitive and ſtiff Reſolution of Threeſcore and Ten, an Age that ſticks as obſtinately to its Purpoſe, as to the old Faſhion of its Cloak.

*Wild.* You ſee, Madam, [*to* Angel.] how induſtriouſly Fortune has puniſh'd his Offence to you.

*Angel.* I can ſcarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, conſidering the happy Conſequences of it.

*Smug.* O, Sir *Harry,* he's as Hypocritical——

*Lure.* As your ſelf, Mr. Alderman, how fares my good old Nurſe, pray, Sir?

*Smug.* O Madam, I ſhall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my Hands.

*Stand.* A word with you, Mr. Alderman, do you know this Pocket-Book?

*Smug.* O Lord, it contains an Account of all my ſecret Practices in Trading [*Aſide.*] how came you by it, Sir.

*Stand.* Sir *Harry* here duſted it out of your Pocket, at this Lady's Houſe, yeſterday; It contains an Account of ſome ſecret Practices in your Merchandizing;

dizing; among the reſt, the Counterpart of an Agreement with a Correſpondent at *Bourdeaux*, about tranſporting *French* Wine in *Spaniſh* Casks—— Firſt return this Lady all her Writings, then I ſhall conſider, whether I ſhall lay your Proceedings before the Parliament or not, whoſe Juſtice will never ſuffer your Smuggling to go unpuniſh'd.

*Smug.* O my poor Ship and Cargo.

*Clin.* ſen. Hark'ee, Maſter, you had as good come along with me to the *Jubilee*, now.

*Angel.* Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman adviſe; Wou'd you be thought an Honeſt Man, baniſh Covetouſneſs, that worſt Gout of Age; Avarice is a poor pilfering quality of the Soul, and will as certainly Cheat, as a Thief wou'd Steal——

Wou'd you be thought a Reformer of the Times, be leſs ſevere in your Cenſures, leſs rigid in your Precepts, and more ſtrict in your Example.

*Wild.* Right, Madam, Vertue flows freer from Imitation, than Compulſion, of which, Colonel, your Converſion and Mine are juſt Examples.

*In vain are muſty Morals taught in Schools,*
*By rigid Teachers, and as rigid Rules,*
*Where Virtue with a frowning Aſpect ſtands,*
*And frights the Pupil from its rough Commands.*
*But Woman——*
*Charming Woman can true Converts make,*
*We Love the Precepts for the Teachers ſake.*
*Virtue in them appears ſo bright, ſo gay,*
*We hear with Tranſport, and with Pride obey.*

FINIS.